SUPPLEMENT TO THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

THE LITTLE LEDGER

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, ROMANCE, AMUSEMENTS, ETC. FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VOL. XXIII. CHICAGO, ILL., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1895. NO. 8.

CLYDE IN COREA;

OR,

Bearding the Czar.

By WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

CHAPTER I.

FUGITIVES.

"There, Min Yung, there! Hold her about so."

A long, low rakish craft—half barge and half canoe—with a junk-like mainsail and an immense three-cornered sheet, that seemed to be a combination of foresail and jib, was flying down the long harbor of Chemulpo, the seaport of Seoul, the capital of Corea.

Behind her, at a distance of some 600 yards, was a larger boat, somewhat similarly rigged, and painted in broad stripes of orange and black. In this second boat were a dozen or more men in baggy Corean uniforms, besides a number of boatmen, who were pulling at long oars to assist the sails.

Projecting from the bow of the second boat was a long pole, at the end of which was a cigar-shaped object about two feet or so long. The projection was not a bowsprit, for the Coreans do not, as a rule, use them. It was fully thirty feet long and very slim. The cigar like appendage pointed directly at the fugitive boat ahead.

In the latter were but two persons, both of them mere lads. One stood erect on the deck of the boat with a short, thick magazine rifle in his hand, closely watching the movements of their pursuers. He was stout, ruddy-featured and comely, and seemed to view the situation with an air of easy indifference. Yet he was very alert and watchful in reality.

Min Yung, the lad addressed, was in a fever of nervous agitation. His yellow hand shook as he fingered the dragon head into which the end of the tiller was shaped. His black hair, neatly parted in the middle, hung down his back in a long braid that was tied with a bright ribbon, like an American school girl's. His clothing was a mere shapeless wad of garments, from which his arms and feet projected, and he was further encumbered by a hat of white straw with an immense brim, which appeared to be about two sizes too small. It was held on by a strap that passed under the base of the queue, after the manner of western women.

"They are gaining on us, Min Yung," said Clyde Duboff, taking a deliberate squint along the sights of his rifle. "And we are at least five miles from the yacht."

"Catchee me—lettee you go," said Min Yung, succinctly, yet with the vivid emphasis inspired by fear.

"Well, we ain't going to let them catch us if we can help it. I am more afraid of that new fangled torpedo hanging at their bow than of all those soldiers your respected master has sent after you."

"Torpedo? What him do?"

"When they find they cannot overhaul us they can fire it off. If it explodes within twenty yards of our sampan—it's good-bye Johnnie. They will blow us out of the water. I did not think you Coreans were so blood-thirsty, Min Yung."

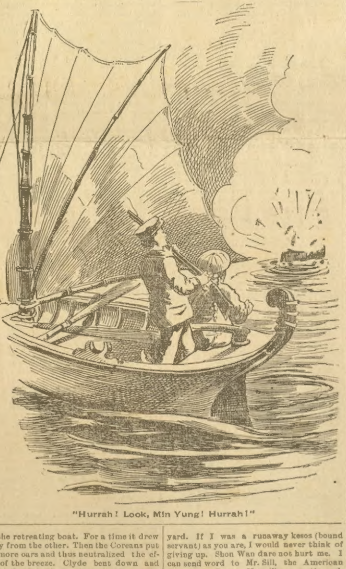
"Shon Wan, he no clare. So kill Min Yung, he no clare. No get Min Yung back, he no clare, so kill Melikin boy, too."

"I see. If Shon, your master, cannot recapture you, rather than let you get clear away he will, if possible, destroy us both. But—there comes a good puff. This breeze is freshening and hauling more astern. It may help us."

The harbor of Chemulpo is several miles long, and land-locked by reason of sundry islands scattered across its mouth. The tide, which rises to an immense height, forms a current of ebb and flow which, at certain localities, runs with extraordinary swiftness.

In making their escape Clyde had taken this into consiperation. Yet a certain delay, owing to baffling breezes, together with the slowness of their boat, had brought the hour of slack water perilously near. Should the incoming flood catch them inside of one of the numerous channels leading seaward they would surely be stopped, and capture would probably follow. Their sluggish sampan could never make head against the strong current that would soon set in, even with a favoring breeze.

Could they, however, succeed in gaining the outer bar in time, the incoming tide would assist instead of hindering them, as it caused a powerful current to sweep down the coast in the very direction the fugitives wished to go.



"Hurrah! Look, Min Yung! Hurrah!"

The freshening of the breeze seemed to aid the retreating boat. For a time it drew away from the other. Then the Coreans put out more oars and thus neutralized the effect of the breeze. Clyde bent down and put his hand in the water. As far as he could judge the tide was beginning to turn. Yet the channels between the islands stretched deviously for several miles ahead on either side. It was doubtful if they would be able to get through.

The sun shone nearly in their faces as it was sinking toward the bosom of the Yellow Sea. Behind them lay the long harbor with Chemulpo clustered about its edge, and with great hills rising behind that swelled into mountains further inland toward Seoul. It was summer time and ashore the mercury would doubtless have climbed very high, but on the water the moist breeze mellowed the heat, so that under the shadow of the sails one could be comfortable.

To add to Clyde's perplexity and increase the terror of Min Yung, another boat, which had shot out from a rocky promontory to the right, joined in the chase, evidently responding to certain signals from their pursuer. This new-comer was a fishing craft with a high bow and stern, and two shutter-like brown sails that hung to the masts as if on pivots, looking like slatted window-blinds of unusual size.

Min Yung informed Clyde that this was one of his master's fishing craft, and that there was no chance now for them to get away, whatever. In his fear he evinced a desire to relinquish the tiller and throw himself, in an agony of apprehension, upon the bottom of the boat.

"Hold her up; don't let go!" cried Clyde, trimming the sails so as to sheer more to the left. "Giving up ain't going to help us. Think of that torpedo and of the paddles Shon Wan has ready for you in his court-yard. If I was a runaway kesos (bound servant) as you are, I would never think of giving up. Shon Wan dare not hurt me. I can send word to Mr. Sill, the American minister at Corea. He will see me through all right, and let Uncle Ned know on the yacht, if we are captured. But there will be no hope for you if Shon Wan gets you back."

"Killee Min Yung. Dat's w'at," was Min Yung's hopeless comment.

"Well, then, brace up. Didn't I get in this scrape on your account! Aren't you going to help me find my father? Are we not all going back to America together?"

"Yah. All light. Min Yung git blave allee same."

But even as he was endeavoring strenuously to "brace up" the insetting current suddenly struck them, bearing the sampan down upon a curve of the island shore and inside the bite of a point which it was imperatively necessary for them to weather.

Clyde took to a pair of oars, but their progress was now so slow that the two pursuing vessels drew nearer rapidly, and by closing the mouth of the bite, seemed to effectually cut off all egress. The boat behind was drawing perilously near, while the fishing craft appeared to be placing itself so as to cut off all escape, even should they be able to weather the point, a task growing momentarily more doubtful.

"There is but one way to help this boat out of this scrape," said Clyde again picking up the rifle. "Lucky I am a good shot. And yet I hate to attempt such a trick. Some one may get killed."

"We get kill," commented Min Yung, looking longingly toward shore. "Min Yung jump out, Melikin boy jump out. Hide in bush."

"It is an island. They will be sure to find us. No, you hold the boat steady. I am going to shoot—bang!"

Clyde stretched himself along a thwart and rested the rifle on the gunwale. But the motion of the boat interfered with his aim.

"This won't do," he muttered. "I must try it off hand. They are so near now I ought to hit that thing without much trouble."

The pursuing craft was now not more than 200 yards in the rear. The dark oval of the torpedo pointed ominously at the fugitives, as if assuring them of the destruction it threatened.

"Lookee!" cried Min Yung gripping the tiller hard. "Shon Wan getting ready."

"Hush up!" growled Clyde fretfully. "I've got eyes as well as you, I guess. The rascals are going to discharge that torpedo. They think they are near enough to blow us out of the water without fail. Well, they are near enough for—me—too."

As he lingered over the last words he was raising the rifle and bracing himself against the swaying of the deck. The people on the other boat, thinking that he doubtless intended to shoot one of them, dodged about and crouched behind the low bulwarks. One baggy figure approached a sort of lanyard communicating with the torpedo. He bent down and sighted along the pole. Clyde saw the long protuberance swing slowly into line with their own boat.

The men in the fishing craft set up a loud shout and a series of short sharp exclamations came from their direction. Min Yung uttered a cry of fear. But on the boat behind all was silent. Only the squatting figure in the bow was visible. Even the helmsman had disappeared before the American boy and his gun, that was now settling into a final aim.

"Here she goes," mutted Clyde as he pulled the trigger.

The report of the rifle rang out loudly, but its echoes were swiftly followed by a deeper roar, that seemed to jar the very depths of the sea. A dash of white vapor hid the pursuing boat as Clyde waved his cap and shouted:

"Hurrah! Look, Min Yung! Hurrah!"

CHAPTER II.

HARD PRESSED. THE DAUNTLESS.

As the smoke cleared away Min Yung did look, and his enthusiasm also rose, and he jabbered away in a comical intermixture of his native dialect, with funny abridgments of the king's English.

Where the pursuing craft had been was now a number of men in wadded garments struggling in the water. The forward part of the boat had been shivered to fragments, upon which the after part was settling slowly. Whether any one was killed or wounded was not at once apparent. But the waves were alive with floating figures, some of whom struck out for the near-by shore, while others were clinging to fragments of the wreck.

The men in the fishing boat uttered cries of rage and bent to their oars in a final effort to intercept the author of so much mischief.

"Good gun," said Clyde, patting the breech affectionately. "These new fangled smokeless powder rifles may be all right for long distances, but the old Winchester is good enough for me."

They hauled more upon the wind now, relieved from all danger behind. But the incoming current was against them, while it rather aided the fisherman. The two crafts drew nearer to each other. Clyde saw that if the point was to be passed a collision was almost inevitable.

The Coreans evidently possessed no fire arms, but several held ugly-looking knives and fish spears, and from the way they angrily chattered among themselves and pointed to Min Yung, it was apparent that they were aware what was up, and who their master's boat had been chasing.

"Now, Min Yung," said Clyde, as not more than 100 yards separated the two craft, "brace up! They have no fire arms. I will fire a few shots over their heads to let them know what we can do, if they force us. You steer just as close to the point as you think we can go without grounding. We will get away yet."

Since the destruction of his master's boat Min Yung had plucked up a wonderful spirit. He laughed, cackled and gestured in a way to indicate his scorn of the half-clad fishermen. Clyde's rifle he would have fallen down and worshiped had there been time. As for Clyde himself, Min Yung did not now doubt but that the "Melikin" boy was more than a match for a fleet of fishing sampans.

But as the two boats drew very near he quailed somewhat at sight of his countrymen's angry faces, as he remembered the awful predicament from which Clyde had rescued him that morning, and thought of the punishment awaiting him at home if he was taken back there.

Clyde fired several volleys over the other boat, reloating his magazine from his cartridge-belt. But as he tried to hit no one, the Coreans appeared to think he was unable to do any more execution. They shouted derisively and cast two or three spears at the fugitives. One struck their boat, piercing the bamboo gunwales and hanging there, its handle trailing in the water.

"Don't let her ground, Min Yung," cried the youth. "I see several people from the other boat running for the point."

Min Yung saw it, too, and again his fears grew uppermost. Those of the wrecked boat who had first gained the shore of the island, were hastening along the beach to intercept the fugitives at the shallow bar trending outward from the point. The fishermen redoubled their efforts at their oars and trimmed their sails anew.

It began to look as if the fugitive craft would be hemmed in between the two parties just at the place where elbow room was most needed—in the shallow water abreast of the point. If this could be passed the dividing current would aid their further efforts as much as it now hindered them. Clyde saw that they might not weather the critical situation that again threatened them.

Throwing down his rifle he sprang to the oars, while Min Yung trimmed the clumsy sails as flat as the broad bows would admit of. But a good deal of lee way was made and some arrows from the party on shore pierced the sails.

As the point was approached the fishing boat bore down across their path despite all their efforts. Clyde pulled at the oars until his face grew red. Suddenly the boat ran aground. Min Yung, in his desire to avoid the fisherman, had trenched too close upon the shore. Loud shouts proclaimed that their pursuers were aware of their predicament.

Shon Wan himself, followed by several of the Corean soldiers, plunged into the water and waded toward the fugitives. But their wadded garments, saturated with salt water, rendered their progress slow and they had some distance to go. At sight of Shon Wan's inflamed visage and vivid gestures of encouragement to his followers, Min Yung fell through fear into desperation. He left the tiller and seizing one of the oars aided Clyde in attempting to push the sampan from the shoal on which it had grounded itself.

But the effort was ineffectual. Seeing that matters were coming to a climax Clyde seized his rifle again and taking careful aim, sent a couple of balls through the bamboo and leather hinges of the fishing boat's rudder. The steersman loosed the tiller and the shattered helm hung useless, while the boat, veering to wind and current, swung round off her course.

Had they not been hard aground, the fugitives might have passed through in safety. But the Corean fishermen thrust over their poles and oars and came on faster than ever. Shon Wan and his party were very near. Both Clyde and Min Yung now ran no little risk from flying arrows. Had the Coreans possessed fire arms the two boys would have been shot down without mercy.

Clyde still hesitated to take their lives, which his skill as a marksman would have rendered easily possible. But as the two parties advanced close, their yellow, malignant faces aglow with hostile passions, he felt that something of that sort must be done or they would be boarded and perhaps slaughtered without mercy.

Shon Wan, hardly thirty yards away, seized a spear from his nearest follower and cast it at Min Yung, who was still trying to push off the boat. Clyde saw the long keen head of the weapon pierce the boy's bulky gown, then Min Yung staggered back and sank down uttering a choking cry.

"I can't stand that," muttered Clyde, taking a swift aim as the triumphant shouts of the Coreans announced the fall of the boy.

Bang! Shon Wan's uplifted arm fell useless to his side. But his yell of pain was interrupted by a tremenduous explosion beyond the point and the hurtle of a cannon ball sounded over their head.

Clyde looked back, and just beyond the point a large steam yacht was forging into view, scarcely a quarter of a mile off. As she rounded to in the deep water beyond the point, a boat was lowered, into which poured a dozen active sailors, who rowed swiftly toward the now dismayed Coreans and their hard-pressed fugitives.

The fishermen, having brought their boat alongside by this time, were sternly ordered back by Clyde, who presented his rifle. The roar of the cannon and the sight of the deadly muzzle close to their heads operated as a sudden check. But one burly flat-nosed fellow levelled a blow with a boat pole at Min Yung, who dodged. The man was immediately pushed overboard by Clyde by means of his Winchester; the Corean falling with a yell into the water, under the idea that he was going to have a hole blown through his body.

Shon Wan's party, seeing this struggle rushed forward, bent on one final effort before the sailors could arrive. The water being shallow a number climbed on board the sampan undeterred by the repulse of the first assailant.

Min Yung was seized and whirled overboard by two strong men, who waded off with the lad, and he kicking, screaming, biting and scratching. Others assailed Clyde Duboff, bearing the youth backward by weight of numbers. He belabored them with his gun, and finally releasing himself through a final effort, sprang to his feet on the forward half-deck and shot another one in the leg. This did not repulse the others and he retreated to the mast, still struggling desperately.

A mist came over his eyes. His blood seemed to be turning into a surging flame in the stress of his exertion. He heard Min Yung utter a shrill shriek, then a blow from a club sent a crashing noise through his brain. Fires danced in his eyes as he struck the deck heavily.

"I wonder if they will get here too late?" was his last fleeting glimmer of thought. Then he failed to think at all for a time.

CHAPTER III.

CLYDE'S FATHER. MIN YUNG'S ESCAPE.

When Clyde recovered his senses Min Yung was fanning him with an immense fan made of flamingo feathers with a long bamboo handle. The Corean boy was seated about six feet away, and was working his improvised punkah in a slow and stately manner, accompanying himself by droning in a low nasal monotone some kind of native slumber song.

"I don't seem to be dead after all," muttered Clyde, looking around in a perplexed manner.

"Hittum head. Welly bad blow," commented Min Yung composedly. "Been dead one, fourteen-six hour." The Corean boy's arithmetical nomenclature was not modeled upon our system of notation. "Cap'n Hammon say must sleep—no talkee. Min Yung brush fly—no talkee—no talkee."

Nor would he say more in reply to Clyde's further questioning, but wagged his oval head disapprovingly, as he continued his manipulations of the punkah unremittingly. The American boy saw that he was in the main cabin of the "Ta-ra-ra," his uncle's yacht. From the muffled throbbing sound beneath, and a slight quiver of the whole vessel, he became aware that they were under way. Through the stern windows no light came in. Clyde knew that it was night.

"Hand me my watch, Min Yung," he requested, but the young Corean only shook his head. "Well, you can tell me the time. I can't see the clock from here."

But Min Yung continued to wag his head while using the punkah unceasingly. He had been told to keep Clyde quiet and evidently meant to obey orders in his own way.

"Hang it all!" ejaculated the lad. "There is nothing the matter with me except that crack on the head. It must have been a hard one, for I don't remember anything after I got it, except that the rascals had you, Min Yung. I think, considering how I struggled to get you out of their hands, you are very obliging, Min Yung."

"No, Min Yung, no, Min Yung. Cap'n Hammon—he do—he say keep quiet. Musn't talkee. Keep quiet."

Neither reproaches nor persuasion availed, though Min Yung seemed to feel the weight of Clyde's reproaches keenly. But his slanting eyes lightened up as a step was heard descending the stairs from the quarter-deck, and a short, pink-faced, jolly-looking middle-aged man entered the cabin.

"Well, nephew; well, sir!" said the gentleman in a half severe, half affectionate tone. "How are we getting on? Head pretty sore, I guess."

"Sore, but nothing serious, Uncle," returned Clyde. "I wish you would box Min Yung's ears. He won't allow me to talk, and does little but wave that exasperating fan, roll his eyes and look miserable."

"I told him you must be kept quiet. He only obeyed orders. But if you feel strong enough you may tell me what this fracas means, and who Min Yung is. Had we been ten minutes later those pirates would have had you both by the heels. What have you been doing to get these Coreans after you in such shape? What did you hear concerning your father?"

Clyde, having taken a drink of lemonade handed him by Min Yung, felt of his bandaged head, then said sadly:

"I went to our minister at Seoul and told my tale. He sent me to the Russian legation with a note of introduction. There I met a courier just in from Vladivostock. This man, after I explained that I was expecting news of Rurik Duboff, an Americanized Russian traveler and scientist, now traveling in Siberia in the interest of the Smithsonian Institute, at first said he knew nothing. Had heard nothing; then he stopped and became suspicious and uncommunicative.

"The minister privately told me that a little hard money might render Mr. Courier more communicative. So, later on, I went to a dirty hole where he was stopping, and slipped a $5 gold piece into his hand. When he saw the metal was yellow he blessed me in the name of several Russian-Greek saints; then he said that a certain Dr. Duboff, so he had heard, had been reported to the police at Yakoutsk as a former nihilist, several weeks back.

"Of course I was paralyzed. But he cheered me up a little by saying further, that before my father was arrested he had suddenly left for the northern wilderness of the Lena with an exploring party."

"Now, what mad notion took him off there?" said Captain Hammond, half to himself. "Yet it is of a piece with his former recklessness. Clyde, your respected father may be a great scientist and all that, but as an American citizen, with a wife and family in Chicago, he is guilty of great imprudence in going to Russia at all. If the Czar's officials conclude that he means mischief, his adoptive citizenship in the United States won't help him much. It appears they have learned, somehow, that your father once had to leave Russia for what they call political crimes."

"I don't think striving in a peaceful way to give his countrymen liberty is much of a crime," said Clyde, indignantly. "But that was years ago. Since then he came to America, married your sister, Uncle, and has renounced all his rights as a Russian by being naturalized at home. I don't consider Russia has any claim on him at all."

"According to our ideas she has not. But the Czar does not recognize our ideas. They have found out in some way that Dr. Rurik Duboff is the same Duboff who twenty-three years ago was expelled from Moscow for being connected with a certain riot at the Moscow University. That is what your courier's news means, I know. Doubtless he picked it up in a fragmentary way, yet it must be substantially true. My own cablegram confirms it - see?"

Captain Hammond handed his nephew a type-written paper headed with the printed monogram of the Hong Kong & Nagasaki Cable Company, that read as follows:

"Chicago, United States—Captain Edward Hammond, steam yacht Ta-ra-ra, Hong Kong. To be forwarded. Rurik denounced to secret police, St. Petersburg. Last heard from at Irkoutsk. Was then going to Yakoutsk, Siberia. Warn him, if possible. Have advised state department at Washington. We are well, but worried. Love to yourself and Clyde.
"(Signed) Mary Duboff."
May 16, 189—

"Dear mother, muttered Clyde. "How she will worry. Where did you get this, Uncle?"

"I was cruising off Yashan, waiting for you and fishing a little. I did not look for you back under a week. So I intercepted the mail steamer from Nagasaki, and as luck would have it, they had sent a copy of the telegram, on a venture, knowing that I was somewhere along the coast. I knew you ought to learn this news at once, so instead of waiting for you at the place agreed on I steamed up the coast by day, knowing you would be more than apt to come by way of Chemulpo."

"Well, you just hit it, as it happened. After I had learned all I could about father, and that nothing could then be done in Seoul, I set out to find a boatman to bring me down the bay, and through the islands to where I knew you must be waiting. An American missionary went with me. But we had trouble getting a man with a proper boat. This was in Chemulpo. The missionary went back, and I stayed one night at a wretched hole of an inn. In the morning two of the King's officers came there with Min Yung.

"It appears his father was a rebel in the Kim-o-kiun affair, several years back. He had been executed, but they have an absurd law in Corea which includes the families of condemned rebels in their brutal sentences. Min Yung's older brother had been killed, and his mother was dead. Now that the boy was getting so large they concluded it was time to make way with him. So Shon Wan, his master, whom he worked for, brought him in to the police. They were on the way to have the boy killed when I saw them at the inn."

"Why, that is perfectly horrible, Clyde. But how did the lad get away?"

"I helped him off."

"You!" The jolly Captain looked astonished. "So, that was the reason you had such a tussle when we came to the rescue?"

"Just so. They have a curious way of executing the relatives of rebels in Corea. The houses are built of stone, and floored with brick. They have flues underneath instead of stoves or fireplaces. With a good fire they can turn a tight room into an oven. A small room becomes a regular furnace. They take the victim inside, make him drink poison, upset a large jar of water on the hot floor, then shut the poor wretch in. If he doesn't die of the poison, the hot air and steam soon complete the work. They wear wooden shoes so that the floor will not burn the executioner's feet."

"Bless my soul! Did I ever before hear of such utter barbarity! I hope, nephew, that you frustrated their designs. It is like Corea though."

"Of course, or Min Yung would not be here. The officers, for some reason, went off and left Min Yung in charge of his master. I think the fire needed more fuel or something. It was down at the shore, quite half a mile from town at a butcher's house, where the deed was to be done. I went along out of sympathy for Min Yung. He stood there, looking very pitiful with his arms pinned behind between bamboo splits. As I came near he spoke to me. He thought from my look, I guess, that I was sorry for him, eh, Min Yung?"

The Corean lad, who was listening and uttering confirmatory grunts, nodded vigorously.

"He said: 'Melikin boy help?' Then he looked at a single sampan drawn up on the beach. It was the only boat there. It came over me all at once. There was no one close by except Shon Wan. I had my rifle. So I whacked him one over the head when he was looking another way, and shouted to Min Yung to follow me, for his legs were free.

"Then I made for the boat. I heard shouts behind and looking back, saw the two officials approaching on a dead run. Shon Wan also rose up, fairly shrieking with rage and pain, for I had biffed him a good one—you bet."

(To be continued next week.)

Sagacity of a Horse.

The Chicago police succeeded lately in capturing a wagon-load of stolen goods with which three thieves were making off. One of the thieves was secured, but his comrades escaped. The police were at a loss what to do, as there was no clew by which they could trace the fugitives. Suddenly one of the detectives had a happy idea. He determined to harness the horse which had been captured with the wagon, start it in the direction in which the thieves had been driving, and then leave it to its own devices.

No sooner was this idea conceived than it was executed. The horse was harnessed, and two detectives mounted the cart. The horse started at a slow trot. First going north, then turning west, it finally halted in front of a barn in a narrow alley leading from Twenty-ninth street. On entering the barn the police discovered about $400 worth of stolen goods, including two horses and several wagons. They concealed themselves and awaited the return of the thieves. On entering the barn the two men were secured, and soon found themselves in the nearest police cell.

Before the Storm Broke.

"That remains to be seen," said Dick absent mindedly.

"What remains?" Mrs. Hicks asked eying him. But before he could reply she caught sight of a velvety daub of green paint on the seat of his pantsies.

A Superior Attraction.

First small boy—Come over and play in this mud-puddle.

Second small boy—Nope; you come over and play in this one.

First small boy—I won't. The water's dirtier in this puddle than it is in yours.

But They Won't Confess It.

Almost every woman is trying something for her complexion.

I Can Eat and Sleep

Comrade C. M. Miller of Orcutt Post 79, a resident of Cooper, Mich., writes: "I had a stroke of paralysis in my right side, affecting both my right arm and leg. I could not eat or talk. I became

Discouraged.

My wife coaxed me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first dose did me good for I slept soundly that night. As I continued to take the medicine the numbness left me and shortly I regained my speech. My appetite increased. After taking two bottles

Mr. C. M. Miller

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I could eat as well as ever." C. M. MILLER, Cooper, Michigan. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and do not purge, pain or gripe. Try a box. 25c.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

ACENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

YOUR NAME Will be inserted in our agents list for 10c. It will bring you lots of mail and valuable free samples. Address, AGENTS DIRECTORY LIST, Lock Box 1058, Chicago, Illinois.

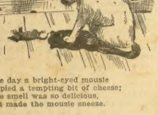
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CORRESPOND With the opposite sex for amusement, improvement, pastime or matrimony. Our club is the oldest and we have the largest list of ladies and gentlemen wishing correspondents. Address with 2 cent stamp, CHICAGO CORRESPONDENTS CLUB, Lock Box 1058, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MOUSIE'S ADVENTURE.

BY MARY WILSON.



One day a bright-eyed mousie
  Spied a tempting bit of cheese;
The smell was so delicious,
  It made the mousie sneeze.

Right there it was before him,
  He took one little bite;
"Snap, snap!" and, ah, the pity!
  The mouse was fastened tight.

"And so I've caught you, have I?
  Come here, my pussy cat,
Take him out and eat him,
  He's young and sleek and fat."

Then the kitten played with him,
  As kittens do, you know;
A hen stood near and watched her,
  As she let the mousie go.

"Cluck!" Lo! the hen had caught him
  Right before Miss Pussy's eyes.
The mousie squeaked, the hen ran off,
  The cat looked on, surprised.

Old Father Red Comb noticed
  Mrs. Cackle and her prey,
And left the flower garden
  To hurry out that way.

The other chickens followed,
  But Cackle ran before;
She couldn't well divide her feast,
  Unless there had been more.

Close behind came Red Comb,
  "Cluck, cluck, give me some, pray;"
"Quack" said greedy Cackle,
  And the mousie got away.

HOW THE MORTGAGES COME.

"This is only squaw winter," said the Chickadee, as he stuffed one of his dainty feet into his downy bosom to warm it, "it'll soon pass away and we'll have a spell of real nice weather yet before winter sets in."

"I hope so."

"Nothing surer. I hear the dogs killed nine sheep last night? Too bad. I tell you what you might do—if it isn't too much trouble. You might tack up a bunch of tallow on the end of the barn. It will come handy to peck at when the wood is all frozen solid."

I thanked the Chickadee for the suggestion and assured him that I would do it in the morning.

"You won't lose anything by it," said the Chickadee, as he changed feet and tucked the cold one under his vest, "Chickadees bring luck, and I never knew of a colony of swallows in a mean man's barn.

"I was talking last night to Bradley's farm. They have just put a mortgage on it and it hurts worse than a home-made mustard plaster on a school boy. Bradley's farm feels terribly down in the mouth."

"How did it happen?"

"Oh, the old way. It wasn't Bradley's fault, nor it wasn't the farm's fault; they both did their level best."

"Was it too much style, top buggies, pianos, etc?"

"No, it wasn't that. I like to see the boys drive a nice rig and the girls have a piano if they want it—they deserve it. A nice buggy and a good piano are as necessary to make life bearable on a farm as a binder or a sulky plough. That isn't what caused it. The farm is getting old, it has been worked too hard, it has been made to give, give an' got nothing back. For instance, old man Bradley has raised nine of a family on that old farm and started them all in life. A hundred acre Ontario farm ought to be numbered with the nine wonders of the world. It not only keeps its own folks, but helps to keep the rest of the Dominion. When the girls got married they got an outfit, some cows and sheep, and, perhaps a wad of money. All this came out of the farm. When the boys married three of them went off to Manitoba and the northwest. The old farm furnished them with carloads of cattle, sheep, horses, pigs, seed, implements, furniture and money to start with. Consequence was the old farm had to stand double crops, sometimes two in a season, te make up for it. One of the boys bought fifty acres next door and the old farm had to whack up to make the first payment. The old farm was getting kind of weak and sulky about this time. Then the youngest boy got it into his head that that he would be a doctor—nothing would do but he must be a doctor. Then it was that the iron entered into the old farm's soul. They put a mortgage on it to pay the young cub's expenses to college. It took $2,000 to make a jack rabbit doctor out of him, and now they will have to put another mortgage on the old farm in order to buy him a practice and furnish him with good clothes and the tools of his trade. That's pretty hard on the old farm, especially when it has been asking for the past twenty years to have the big meadow underdrained, and the barn is shouting for a new roof and the fences are clean crazy. Then there is the fifty acre farm—the boy can't pay for his farm and wants to sell out and turn preacher—another $1,000. That will finish the old farm.

"As the old farm said to me last night, 'Here I be in my old age raisin' nothing but interest, thistles, ragwood and squirts. I'm pretty near done for.'"

"Did you ask the farm what it thought was the primary cause of the trouble?"

"Yes; farm said it was edjication. Too many high schools an' collegiate institoots, an' colleges and universities. Old farm said that this here country was getting educated to death. The young folks could draw a map of Siam with their eyes shut, but they couldn't go under the barn and feed the brindle heifer in the dark; they are fitted to keep books for a grocery store, but I'm jiggered if they can tell what it cost to raise the old man's crop of pertaters. Some uv 'em can drive over the asses bridge like Sam Hill, but they can't drive the hayrake, oh no. Nevertheless we haven't got enough doctors of the right kind. We want doctors who will medicine the old worn-out farms, remove skin diseases in the shape of weeds, stiffen up the muscles with good fences, tone up its stomach with lots of barnyard stuff, and—say get yer gun!"

"Why?"

"There's Bledsoe's cat just crawled into the wood pile—see her? She is laying for my old woman. The old lady has been poorly lately and she was moping around the yard yesterday trying to find a certain spotted bug, which she says is good for liver complaint when that cat just missed her by a hair and now she's got——"

Bang!

"——palpitation of the heart along with the liver complaint, but that will cure both. Chickadee, ta-ta.—The Khan.

A Wife-Choosing Ceremony.

At the far end of Naples lies the little church of Santa Maria Annunziata, which, once a year, on the day of Our Lady, wakes up into a brief life and excitement. In a silent row before a high altar kneel thirty girls, all in black garments, with folded hands and eyes fixed on the picture of the Madonna before them. These are orphans from the neighboring foundling asylum, and once a year those who have reached the age of 18 are brought here to the church, and may be chosen in marriage by any honest man whose papers are in order, and whose character is good. At the door leading to the sacristy leans a gray-haired priest, the head of the asylum. By and by, a young man makes his way from the back of the church and hands him a packet of papers. These the priest reads carefully, and being satisfied, he gives them back and leads the candidate toward the row of girls. Their eyes are fixed more steadfastly than ever on the altar, their hands are clasped tighter together, their faces turn a shade paler, their hearts beat quicker as the young man walks slowly along the row. At last he stops; his choice his made. He stretches out his hand with a little smile. The girl rises, casts a long look, half-thanks, half-entreaty, at the picture of the Madonna, puts her hand into that of the stranger, and together they disappear into the sacristy. The ice being thus broken, other suitors come forward.

BABY'S FEATHERS.

See the feathers, mamma dear,
  Falling down so light,
Covering up the pansy bed
  With a blanket white.

See them on the rosy-bush,
  Beau'ful little things!
I think they must have dropped
  From the angels' wings.

Getting to Sleep.

Is there anything more distressing than sleeplessness when you want to go to sleep, and feel that you ought to go to sleep, and that you must go to sleep anyway, and yet cannot?

You toss about from one side to the other, drawing your feet up, and stretching them down—putting your arms under the quilts, and outside them, lying first on your right side, and then on your left, changing occasionally to your back.

The more you turn and twist, and the harder you try to go to sleep, the wider awake you become.

You fancy there is some trouble about the pillow, and you turn it over, and beat it up, and tuck the case smoothly under, and put your head down carefully but sleep does not come.

Then you think perhaps the bed is too hard, and you get up and pat it, and smooth out imaginary wrinkles, and shake the sheets, and go to bed again, feeling sure that you can sleep now.

But you were never more mistaken in your life.

After you have had your eyes tightly shut for ten minutes, and have been growing more and more wakeful each moment, you bethink yourself of the numerous "recipes" you have read in the papers for promoting the performance of going to sleep.

You begin and count six hundred. No success. Then you repeat the multiplication table as far as you know, but the result is the same. Then you go through with the ten commandments, and the burial service from the Book of Common Prayer and "thirty days hath September"—and still you are just as far from the wished-for result.

Then you begin to repeat what poetry you can remember, beginning with Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and ending with Mother Goose's

  "Hickory Dickory Dock,
   The mouse ran up the clock."

Then you roll your eyes in their sockets, and try to imagine that you see smoke issuing from your nostrils, according to the prescribed formula, and you do a hundred other things equally absurd; but it is all labor lost.

You toss out the weary night, and fall asleep just as the breakfast-bell rings and you are expected to make your appearance, fresh as the lark, to entertain company and make things generally pleasant.

The human will is a mighty power, and can build cities and move mountains; but when it comes to apply itself to the getting of a nervous person to sleep it is powerless.

Jackson Was Right.

Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, was over at the White House one day, with some important papers for President Jackson to sign, among them being a court-martial findings.

"Cass, what is this?" inquired Jackson, as he was about to write his name on the document.

"It is a court-martial," answered Cass.

"What have I to do with it?" asked the President.

"It dismisses an officer from the service, and the President must sign such orders."

"Jackson toyed with the paper, and said, musingly:

"Dismisses him from the army, eh? Why?"

"Drunkenness; getting drunk and falling down on parade, or something of that kind," answered the Secretary.

"Who ordered the court?" asked Jackson.

"General Scott," answered Cass.

"Who is it?" inquired the President, with more interest.

"Inspector-General Kraun," replied Cass.

"What!" shouted Jackson; "my old friend Kraun! Cass, just read what that paper says."

The Secretary read the usual form of the court-martial sentence in such cases. The President then took the paper and wrote across the bottom, where he was about to sign his name:

"The within findings are disapproved, and Colonel Kraun is restored to his duty and rank."

He passed the paper back to Secretary Cass, and said, with his usual vehemence:

"By the Eternal! Cass, when you and Scott serve your country as well as that man has, you can get drunk on duty every day."

THE WORM THAT TURNS.

"They say the worm will turn, mamma,
  And if the saying's true,
Can anybody tell, mamma,
  What it will turn into?"

"Oh, yes, my child, your mamma can
  The knowledge soon supply;
For if it be a grub, 'twill turn
  Into a butterfly."

A LAWYER'S TESTIMONY.

Attorney Isaac R. Sugg in the Witness Box for Pe-ru-na.

The eminent lawyer, Sugg, of Greenville, North Carolina, well known in the Supreme Courts of the State and United States, when asked what he knew of Pe-ru-na, stated: "I take pleasure in attesting the efficiency of Pe-ru-na. I have used it in my family and am satisfied it is meritorious, and beyond all question the best medicine for catarrhal troubles I have ever known. I keep it in my house, and use it when I think necessary."

As a remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, catarrh of all varieties, and even consumption in the first stages, Pe-ru-na has no equal. A valuable medical book on catarrhal diseases sent free by The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

For free book on cancer address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

He Was All Right.

Envious neighbors called him mean and stingy; but he was neither. He was industrious, provident and frugal. He wasted nothing that he could save. He had been a hard-working man all his life. He began with no capital, but his strong arms and a determination to make a living and lay up enough for the coming "rainy day." He began in the woods. He cleared up his own farm. During those years of struggle and privation strict economy was necessary; but even then he was not stingy. He was always a liberal provider for his family. He was a regular contributor to charitable, benevolent objects. His wife and children always were decently and comfortably clad. His home was supplied with books and periodicals. His children were fairly educated. His farm was a model of thrift and careful attention. He was strictly honest. His word was as good as his note, and his note was as good as the gold wherever he was known. If we had a nation of such men there would be no assignments, no broken banks, no sheriff's sales, no business failures. They may be sneered at and called miserly, but it is such men that maintain the credit and business of the country.

Presumptuous Mr. Glossfront.

She had nestled for the first time with her radiant cheek against his bosom, but she nestled only for a moment. Suddenly she tore herself from his arms and sprang to her feet. The love-light was gone from her eyes. Scorn—even hate—lit them now, as she gazed, panting, upon her amazed lover.

"Mr. Glossfront!" she hissed. "Do you not know the business of my father?"

"Truly, Amarinthe mine! He owns a laundry."

"And you conspire against his calling yet dare to woo his daughter?"

"Amarinthe!"

"Cease, base one, and go. Your shirt bosom is celluloid!"

And as Abram Glossfront, with bowed head, passed out into the night, he groaned:

"Fool that I was! Celluloid, and I laundry it with a sponge!"

"A husband very seldom calls his wife "kitten" after she begins to scratch.

Never strike a man when he is down. It's ever so much easier to kick him.

"IT IS IGNORANCE THAT WASTES EFFORT." TRAINED SERVANTS USE
SAPOLIO

PIANOS AND ORGANS Pianos from $150 Organs from $27.50
Cash or on Easy Payments.
Our New Catalogue FREE Write for it NOW. CORNISH & CO., Washington, N. J.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND STEREOPTICONS afford the best and cheapest means of object teaching for Colleges, Schools, and Sunday Schools. Our assortment of Views, illustrating Art, Science, History, Religion and Travel, is immense. For Home Amusement and Parlor Entertainment, etc., nothing can be found as instructive or amusing. ☞ Church Entertainments, Public Exhibitions and Popular Illustrated Lectures PAY WELL. ☞ A very profitable business for a person with small capital. We are the largest manufacturers and dealers, and ship to all parts of the world. If you wish to know how to order, how to conduct Parlor Entertainments for pleasure, or Public Exhibitions, etc., for MAKING MONEY, name this paper, and send for our 265 PAGE BOOK FREE. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, New York.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

LADIES AND GENTS SIZE HUNTING CASE
FREE! A Solid Gold Filled American Hunting Case Elgin Style Watch and a Set of Silverware, FREE. We want your trial order for 100 of our full sized 4½ in. HAVANA PERFECTOS STRAIGHT TEN CENT CIGAR. To introduce this brand we will send you, FREE a 14k. Solid Gold filled Elgin style Hunting case Watch, and a handsomely lined case containing 6 knives and 6 forks, hand-engraved, guaranteed by Sterling Silver Plate Co. We will send Watch, Silverware and 100 Cigars in one package, to any part of the United States, C. O. D. $9.50. Remember we don't send a cheap open face watch. We positively affirm that we send a hunting case, elegantly engraved, full jeweled, gold filled watch with a 20 year guarantee, as handsome as any solid gold watch; either ladies' or gents' size. When you see it you will say that we are correct in making this statement. The Watch and Silverware, if bought at retail, would cost you $25 to $30 alone. It costs you nothing—why? Simply because we are strictly in the Cigar business and are the largest Cigar Dealers in America, and make you this offer solely to introduce our brand. You have nothing to risk and all to gain, therefore order. Cut this out, return it to us with your full name and address and we will immediately express you the Cigars, Watch and Silverware for examination. After examining everything, if satisfactory, pay the agent $9.50 for all; otherwise don't pay. Instead of the silverware you can have a Five Shooter 32 or 38 calibre double action Smith & Wesson Cartridge Revolver. Address in full, RIVERSIDE CIGAR CO., Dept. B No. 173 Greenwich St., N. Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THE DIFFERENCE.

When the winds of winter beat
  Little Bunny's hollow tree,
For a blanket round his feet
  Close his bushy tail tucks he.
Never mind how loud the storm,
Sound he sleeps and snug and warm.

When the little honey-bees
  See the snow come powdering down
On their roof beneath the trees
  In the pleasant Beehive Town,
Then away to bed they creep,
All the winter long they sleep.

But when little busy Ned
  Hears the noisy north wind blow,
Out he rushes with his sled,
  For he loves the whirling snow.
Bees and bunnies, sleepy things!
Lose the fun that winter brings.

* * *

THE VANDERVEER MEDAL.

It Was Very Hard to Win and Just as Hard to Keep.

By EMMA A. OPPER.

Of the Thurston Academy girls, Maggy Grant, with her uncommon brightness and "cute" ways, and Olive Atwater, with her pretty face and unmistakable evidences of belonging to one of the richest families in town, were two of the best liked. Everything they did was interesting, somehow, and the affair of the Vanderveer medal was particularly so.

Of course everybody knew that Maggy Grant could take the medal if she wanted it, and everybody was right. She let twenty-eight disappointed girls examine it, in the cloakroom after school, listened smilingly to their bursts of admiration, and bore it home with triumph.

"It's the Vanderveer medal," she announced, in the midst of the family. "Mrs. Vanderveer visited the school last month—the very rich lady, you know, who goes to Europe so much—and she noticed particularly the girls of the two higher grades; I suppose we're unusually handsome or something. Anyhow, she had this lovely gold medal made, and sent to Miss Suffel to be competed for by us girls in any way Miss Suffel should decide upon. And Miss Suffel, dear thing! decided to give it every month, to wear till the next month, to the girl who is first in mathematics.

Maggy laughed gleefully. Her easy prowess in mathematics was well known.

"Um—m," said her father. "If it had been Latin, now, or French, even—um!"

"If it had been," said Maggy, with a little shrug for her elder sister Ada's benefit, "Olive Atwater would stand a chance for it. But algebra!—why, the other day she let x equal a known quantity."

"You will be taken for some royal personage when you wear this thing," said her bantering father. "You'll have people bowing and salaaming to you."

"You seem to dislike Olive Atwater," Ada said to her lively sister, later.

Maggy turned upon her a wide gaze.

"Why, of course. Didn't you know it? We hardly speak to each other."

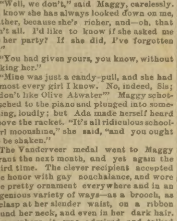
"Maggy!"

"Well, we don't," said Maggy, carelessly. "I know she has always looked down on me, rather, because she's richer, and—oh, that isn't all. I'd like to know if she asked me to her party? If she did, I've forgotten it."

"You had given yours, you know, without asking her."

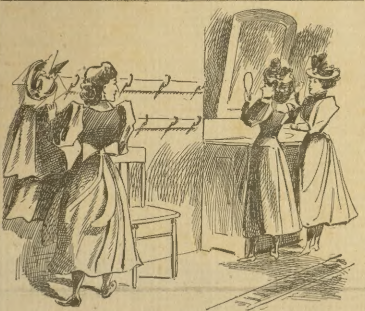
"Mine was just a candy-pull, and she had almost every girl I know. No, indeed, Sis; I don't like Olive Atwater'" Maggy schottisched to the piano and plunged into something, loudly; but Ada made herself heard above the racket. "It's all ridiculous schoolgirl moonshine," she said, "and you ought to be shaken."

The Vanderveer medal went to Maggy Grant the next month, and yet again the third time. The clever recipient accepted the honor with gay nonchalance, and wore the pretty ornament everywhere and in an ingenious variety of ways—as a brooch, as a clasp at her slender waist, on a ribbon round her neck, and even in her dark hair. Everywhere it was admired and talked about. The twenty-eight unsuccessful girls were good-natured about it, though they declared openly that they were "digging" for that medal, and that they would just simply "give their heads" for it. All but Olive Atwater; she was apparently indifferent. But one afternoon when Maggy was putting on her "things" in the cloakroom, she heard Olive talking to Martha Todd, in the next alcove, with an earnestness quite intense.



MAGGIE ROSE AND FACED OLIVE.

"Everybody knows about it, you see," she said; "it's getting celebrated. And then, Mrs. Vanderveer gave it, and she's such an old friend of ours, and she'll be certain to ask if I have taken it, and she'll think I'm a blockhead, so Mamma says; and altogether they are all awfully anxious for me to take it, just once anyhow; and they don't see why I can't. And Papa has promised me a new silver-mounted saddle, if I do. And I'd just give anything if I could!" said Olive, desperately. Maggy pinned on her hat with a cool little smile. She would not have admitted it to herself, but the Vanderveer medal had immediately a new value for her.



The Vanderveer Medal has immediately a new value for her.

At dinner that night her mother said suddenly, "Where's the medal?"

"Isn't it there?" Maggy cried, feeling at her throat. It was not there, nor anywhere in sight; it was gone. Maggy's careless ways were well known, so nobody was astonished.

"But I know just where I lost it," she insisted. "The hook is off at the neck of my jacket, and I was going to pin it together with the medal, and I laid it down on a chair in the cloakroom while I put my jacket on, and then forgot it. I'll find it tomorrow."

But she did not find it. It was not where she had left it, and nobody had seen it—neither the janitor, who was invincibly honest, nor any of the girls. It was a mystery: but Maggy, impetuous ever, and excited over the loss, told herself indignantly that she knew what had become of it. Olive Atwater had wanted it exceedingly, because it meant to her a silver-mounted saddle; and if she had chanced to see it last night where Maggy had left it, and had taken it home and shown it as though she had won it, she would get the saddle. In the first heat of indignation which the notion caused her, and before reason had had time to assert itself, Maggy spoke her suspicion to Martha Todd, and Martha whispered it to somebody else, and it came to Olive Atwater's ears; and the next day she passed Maggy with her head high and her fair face aflame, and without looking at her. Thereafter their enmity was serious and open, and they did not "speak," and the other girls had to consider whether they would be friends of Maggy Grant or of Olive Atwater, because they could not well be friends of both.

As to the lost medal, of course Maggy had to replace it. She went to the jeweler who had made it, and found that its cost had been $12; and she took the information home. Her father, after a few tantalizing comments, presented her with a $10 bill. "I guess $2 worth of experience will last you till the next time," he said.

Her brother Frank ironically contributed 10 cents. "You don't intend to go on taking the thing, do you?" he said. "You've demonstrated to an awe-stricken populace that you know more about figures than anybody since Archimedes, and you'd better give somebody else a show. You'd lose it again. If your head wasn't stuck on, you know ——"

That was the opinion of all of them, and, upon reflection, it was Maggy's. She gave Miss Suffel the bright new counterpart of the Vanderveer medal, and stepped graciously out of the contest for it. The girls of the first and second grades were immediately fired with hope and enthusiasm, and "dug" at their mathematics determinedly. Kate Ridley was the first lucky girl, and Annie Dessau was next. But after the March examinations Miss Suffel made an announcement which caused Maggy to prick up her ears. "Margaret Grant," she said to the assembled classes, "has the highest marks in mathematics. Olive Atwater is next, with an average of ninety-six; the medal is hers, therefore, if Margaret still wishes to surrender it?"

Maggy twirled her bracelet. The room was very still; the girls were listening intently. "I think I should like to take it this time, if you please, Miss Suffel," said Maggy.

"It is yours by right," said unsuspecting Miss Suffel, cordially. "Take it, certainly." And Maggy took it, conscious of some peculiar inward twinges, and of glances and whisperings among the girls. Indeed, she went round for the next few days with a consciousness of being "rather mean," as she said to herself.

The people at home, too, had something to say. Maggy walked in with her chin up, and with a mingling of sheepishness and defiance.

"That medal again!" said Frank, whistling.

"I haven't had it for two months," said Maggy. But her chin came down a little when Ada looked at her.

"Which of the girls would have taken it this time if you had not?" that astute sister inquired. "Not Olive Atwater?"

"When you lose it this time," said her father, "I fear you'll have to empty your purse and buy another yourself. Of course, it's a mere matter of taste; if people prefer to spend their money for gold medals rather than other things, it's perfectly allowable. I presume the jeweler will be glad to have an order for a medal every other month or so."

Maggy had been hoarding her money. She was putting away nearly all her modest weekly allowance for a particular purpose. The old woman who did their heavier cleaning had a little lame grandson who sat all day in a rocker in his poor home; and Maggy had been to see him. If he could have a "whaled cheer," said his mother, she or his sister could "whale" him out every fine day; and it was for a wheeled chair for poor Teddy Ryan that Maggy was saving her money. She had sent for circulars, and she could get the chair for $20. She found real happiness in the prospect of bringing comfort to the patient little cripple, who had so little of pleasure while she had so much.

Somehow that plan for Teddy Ryan was the pleasantest thing Maggy had to think about for some time after she had taken the Vanderveer medal for the fourth time. Everything went wrong. She did not enjoy the medal in the least. She had a perfect right to it; but it was disagreeable to have Olive's girl-friends saying to her own clique that it was "awfully mean" of her to take it just because Olive Atwater would have taken it if she hadn't, and when she knew how hard Olive had worked for it. Maggy was sure she had never been considered mean before, and it troubled her very deeply. And then, to cap the climax, she went one Saturday afternoon to see Kate Ridley, went to take a singing-lesson, went to see what they had at the new art store—and in the rush and flurry did actually lose the medal again. When she got home it was gone.

She stood and blankly stared at herself in her glass; then she sped down to the parlor, where she had pulled off her jacket, and searched frantically. It was not there.

It was too dreadful to believe. Maggy felt her face growing hot, slowly. How could she tell anybody? She would be ashamed to. What would everybody think—Miss Suffel and all the girls? And that was not the worst of it either—what would her father say, and Frank? Oh, dear! She couldn't face them. And even that was not the worst of it. She would have to buy another medal herself this time; and when would Teddy Ryan get his chair? The warm days were coming on, just the days when he would enjoy that chair. Now he would have to go on flattening his pale little nose against the window, and all because she had lost the Vanderveer medal again. The Vanderveer medal! She was sick of the sound of the name. It hadn't done her much good, anyhow, and certainly in one or two respects it had done considerable harm. She wished she had never seen it nor heard of it. The tears were stealing to her eyes, and she flung herself into a corner of the sofa and wept hotly.

She lay with her head almost buried in a cushion; and so she did not hear the sound of smooth-rolling wheels, nor Amelia answering the bell. She did not even know there was a caller till Amelia ushered Olive Atwater into the room.

Maggy rose and faced Olive Atwater. She was too much amazed to speak. The tear-stained face must have expressed something besides amazement, for Olive blushed painfully and stammered over her speech, trying at the same time to return Maggy's cool gaze in kind.

"I was at Miss Finley's just now, taking my lesson," she said, "and I saw your medal under the piano. I knew you'd be worried about it, and I thought I go this way home and bring it to you." She put the shining thing in Maggy's hand, and turned away.

"Olive," Maggy faltered—"Olive, it was very sweet of you to that for me;" and her voice shook threateningly. "I've been crying half an hour, because I was so ashamed to lose it again, and I hated to tell anybody, and—and—it would have served me right if it had been lost for good, because I ought not to have taken it, Olive. No, oh no!—I oughtn't. I don't know how I could have been so hateful." And then Maggy, overcome by a strange mixture of emotions, cried again.

Olive sat down beside her. "Unb—button your coat," said Maggy, tearfully.

"I've been hateful, too," said Olive. "You know, ever since you didn't ask me to your candy-pull——"

"I wasn't perfectly sure you'd want to come," said Maggy. "Nothing but a candy-pull, and your parties are so much nicer, and—I thought you always felt a little—above—" How foolish it sounded, when she came to say it!

"Oh Maggy Grant, nobody who knows me really could ever think that!" Olive cried. "Why, I've always liked you and—admired you."

"There isn't anything to admire," said Maggy, with conviction. "I've been mean."

"And I have," said Olive. "I could have asked you to my party just the same, and I ought to have."

"But oh, Olive, the worst thing," Maggy stammered, quite miserably, "was my thinking for a minute that you knew anything about—you know."

"That first medal. Of course I never saw it, except when you wore it."

"Of course not," said Maggy. And then they looked at each other. "It's all been perfect nonsense right from the beginning," said Maggy; "hasn't it?"

"I suppose such things always are," said Olive, flushed with pleasure at the way things were coming out.

The unpleasantness among the girls in the academy melted away thereafter with remarkable rapidity. It was far pleasanter to have Olive Atwater and Maggy Grant good friends; they formed a confederacy for fun and for enterprise which no other two could have equaled.

The janitor found the first Vanderveer medal in a large crack in the floor of the cloakroom; and Miss Stuffel consulted with the girls, and offered it as a monthly prize for the best work in the languages. Maggy Grant gave up the methematical medal for good and all, and worked hard for the other, and made astonishing improvement in her French. On the whole, Miss Suffel declared the Vanderveer medals to be about the best things ever introduced into the school.

Teddy Ryan got his chair. And when Maggy told Olive Atwater about it she was so pleased and interested that she made some red silk, tasseled cushions for it, and joined with Maggy in making Teddy Ryan a target, as it were, for a good share of their spending money.—St. Nicholas.

* * *

Getting His Money's Worth.

Jinks—Yes, I always take my boy along when I go to the minstrels. That's the only way I can get my money's worth.

Binks—How so?

Jinks—The music is new to me, and the jokes are new to him.

* * *

Not His.

Little boy—Perkins, our new coachman, says England is his mother country. Is it yours, too?

Gardener—No, be jabers, it's moy shtepmother counthry.

HURRY-UP AND BY-AND-BY.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Hurry-up met By-and-by
  Twining flowers one day;
Hurry-up was very grave,
  By-and-by was gay.
"Wait a little, friend," he said,
  "Come and share my play."

But the other did not pause,
  "I must work," said he;
"Work until my task is done,
  And my mind is free."
"Work will wait," quoth By-and-by,
  "Sit down her with me.

"I shall labor pretty soon
  When this wreath is laced,
There is time enough for toil,
  Why this foolish haste?"
Hurry-up said, walking on,
  "Time's too dear to waste."

By-and-by saw Hurry-up
  Once again they say;
Saw him sitting at his ease
  In the bright noon-day;
Blossoms grew about his feet,
  And his air was gay.

By-and-by, with brooding eyes,
  Looked out to the west,
Hurrying down the dusty road
  Anxious and depressed,
While beneath his nervous feet
  Faded flowers he pressed.

"Queer," he grumbled, as he went
  Scowling on his way,
How luck favors Hurry-up!
  Fate is queer, I say."
And he does not understand
  "Such is pluck" alway.

—Youth's Companion.

FAIRY TALES OF JAPAN.

The Stories Told to the Little Ones of the Famous Island.

By FRANK FOLLETT.

Matsudaira was a Daimio boy, which means that his father was a Japanese nobleman, and that Matsudaira always dressed in silk and wore a little gold sword by his side.

His mother said he was the cleverest and sweetest and prettiest little boy in all Japan, and as she knew him better than any one did, and, indeed, better than she knew any one else, it is probable that she was competent to speak on the subject.

Another person who loved Matsudaira very much was his old nurse, Tokima, who knew so many beautiful fairy tales that she never got to the end of her list. Cold winter evenings they would sit around the brazier where Tokima's tea kettle was boiling, and listen to her stories.

On the particular evening of which I am going to tell you, Matsudaira had had his bath—for every one takes an evening bath in Japan—and Tokima had lit the taper and set it inside the paper lantern which had pictures of the Rain Dragon and the Thunder Drummer all over it.

Before the little boy would eat his supper he begged Tokima to call Obun, whose name means in English, "Tea Tray," and little Sataro, and after they had come the whole party settled down comfortably around the brazier.

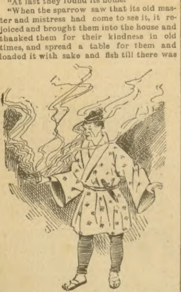
Matsudaira took his bowl of rice and milk in his lap, and Tokima began their favorite story of the "Tongue-Cut Sparrow."

"It is said that once upon a time a cross old woman laid some starch in a basin, intending to put it in her clothes when she had finished washing them, but a sparrow, which two of her neighbors kept as a pet, flew down and ate it all up. Seeing this the cross old woman seized the sparrow, and saying, 'You hateful thing!' cut its tongue and let it go.

"When the neighbor woman heard that her pet sparrow had got its tongue cut for its offense, she was greatly grieved, and set out with her husband over mountains and plains to find where it had gone, crying all the way, 'Where does the tongue-cut sparrow stay? Where does the tongue-cut sparrow stay?'

"At last they found its home.

"When the sparrow saw that its old master and mistress had come to see it, it rejoiced and brought them into the house and thanked them for their kindness in old times, and spread a table for them and loaded it with sake and fish till there was no more room, and made its wife and children and grandchildren all serve the table.



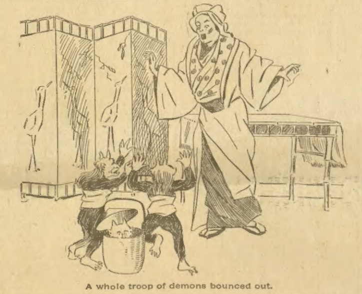
HE BECAME BENT AND WITHERED.

"At last, throwing away its drinking cup, it danced a jig called the 'Sparrow Dance.' Thus they passed the day.

"When it began to grow dark, and they began to talk of going home, the sparrow brought out two wicker baskets and said: 'Will you take the heavy one, or shall I give you the light one?' The old people replied: 'We are old, so give us the light one. It will be easier to carry.'

"The sparrow gave them the light basket, and they returned with it to their home. 'Let us open it and see what is inside,' they said.

"And when they had opened it and looked they found gold and silver and jewels and rolls of silk. They never expected anything like this. The more they took out the more they found inside. The supply was inexhaustible, so that they at once became rich and prosperous.



A whole troop of demons bounced out.

"When the cross old woman who had cut the sparrow's tongue saw this she was filled with envy and went and asked her neighbor where the sparrow lived, and all about the way. 'I will go, too,' she said, and at once set out on her search.

"Again the sparrow brought out two wicker baskets and asked as before: 'Will you take the heavy one, or shall I give you the lighter one?'

"Thinking that the treasure would be great in proportion to the weight of the basket, the old woman replied: 'Let me have the heavy one.'

"Receiving this she started home with it on her back, the sparrow laughing at her as she went. It was as heavy as a stone and hard to carry, but at last she got back with it to her house.

"Then when she took off the cover and looked in a whole troop of demons bounced out and frightened her so much that she fell down in a fit and died."

Sataro's eyes had been growing very heavy during the story of the tongue-cut sparrow, and he didn't laugh when the other children did. He looked at them very solemnly, and suddenly his little shaven head gave a great nod and he nearly fell into the fire.

Tokima took him in her arms, and before she had even gotten so far as "once upon a time," he was fast asleep. So she went on in a low tone to tell them the story of "The Enchanted Fisherman."

"Many, many years ago their lived on the shores of the sea a man and his wife, who had but one son. This boy was not born to them until they were advanced in years, and so by the time he was grown they were quite old and unable to work.

"The boy was a good boy, however, and glad to be their support. He learned from his father to be a fisherman, and with the proceeds of his fishing he kept his parents in comfort, He was their pride and happiness, and by his goodness and love made their old age very pleasant.

"One day he put out to sea in his boat as usual, and was so busily engaged that he did not perceive the rising storm until it was upon him.

"The wind blew, and the waves tossed his boat as if it had been an eggshell, and row as he might he only drifted farther and farther from land.

"Finally the land sank out of sight altogether, and amid the howling winds and furious waves he gave himself up for lost. The boat filled with water and he was sinking in the sea, when suddenly he espied a huge tortoise swimming past.

"Seizing hold of it he climbed upon its back, and so escaped drowning. Then all at once the sea grew calm, the wind seized to blow and the clouds floated softly and swiftly away.

"The fisherman clung to the tortoise's back while it swam steadily out to sea, seemingly bent upon reaching some point far to the westward.

"The sun sloped down the sky to the edge of the ocean, but before they could reach it it had sunk below the waves. Then the stars came out and the moon rose, leaving a broad silver path across the sea.

"Along this the tortoise swam until he reached the very end, when he suddenly sank down and down to the very bottom of the ocean.

"The fisherman found himself in front of a palace made entirely of pink coral and set in a garden filled with strange sea plants.

"Out of the palace came the strangest and most beautiful Princess who seemed to have expected him, for she put her arms about his neck and told him how glad she was that he had come.

"The fisherman had never seen any one like her before, for she was made all of shining mother of pearl, so that whenever she moved the loveliest colors played over her.

"Her teeth were solid pearls, her eyes emeralds and the long waving hair that fell to her feet was of glossy green seaweed.

"For seven days the young man lived in the pink coral palace with the exquisite Princess, who feasted and caressed him. At the end of the week he said he must return to his home.

"The Princess wept and implored him to remain, but he insisted upon returning to his parents, who would suffer were he not there to care for them. So the Princess kissed him good-bye through her tears, and giving him a little silver box, told him never to open it until the hour of his greatest need.

"Then he mounted the back of the tortoise and returned to his own country.

"But when he looked about him the shore seemed strangely familiar and yet unfamiliar, and he could find no trace of his father's cottage. After searching for it a long while in vain he inquired of a passer-by news of his parents.

"The man thought a few moments, and then said: 'My great grandfather told me that old men had told him that a great while before their time there lived on this shore two old people whose son was drowned at sea. But that was hundreds of years ago, and the old people have been so long dead that no one even knows where they were buried.'

"Then the fisherman knew that what had seemed to him but seven days in the c palace was in reality hundreds of years. He wandered away along the shore very sad and lonely.

"His parents were dead, his cottage gone and not a single being who knew him was left alive. Suddenly his hand struck against the silver box he had thrust into his girdle. He never could need it more than he did now, he thought, and so he lifted off the cover.

"At first it seemed empty, but as he stood looking into it a thin blue smoke arose and curled around his head. Then his hair began to grow gray and face to wrinkle.

"The smoke curled up thicker and thicker, and every moment he grew older and older. He became bent and withered and his hair as white as snow, and at last he sank down on the sand, brown and shriveled, and fell into a little heap of dust that the wind came and whirled about and finally blew away into the sea."

For a long time Matsudaira had been seeing the fire more and more faintly. Tokima's voice had sounded further and further away, and before the story was finished he closed his eyes and his head sank on her shoulder.

The last thing he remembered was being tucked into his warm bed by Tokima and hearing the cold wind blow around the corners of the house.

◆

Legal Holidays.

Feb. 12, the birthday of President Lincoln, has been made a legal holiday in Illinois.

June 3, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, has been made a legal holiday in the state of Florida.

Many towns in Europe have local holidays commemorative of some important event in their history.

Every Saturday afternoon is a legal holiday in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

New Year's Day is a legal holiday in all the states but Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

Fast days, whenever appointed by the President of the United States, are legal holidays in all the states.

The Jewish feasts, those of Tabernacles, of Pentecost, of Trumpets and Passover, were instituted by Moses, B. C. 1490.

The most important annual holiday at Babylon was in honor of Bel or Belus. It was celebrated with human sacrifices.

"The Feast of Fools" was a name given by the monks to the Christian holiday which took the place of the Saturnalia.

Dec. 25, Christmas Day, is a legal holiday in all the states, and in South Carolina the two following days are also holidays.

The British and German Druids had a festival that nearly corresponded, in the time of its observance, to our Christmas season.

The burning of the yule log in England is a relic of the Scandinavian worship of the god Thor. His feast was called Yule, or Yule tide.

◆

An Object Lesson.

Ridicule is a potent weapon; no one likes to be placed in an absurd position. A naval officer once found he could not teach the youngest men in the naval academy not to squirm and start and jump and plug their ears with their fingers when a heavy cannon was fired. It was of no use to argue with them, pleadings were in vain, and reproofs were useless. It was highly ridiculous to have a lot of young men, whose profession it is to make war when war is needed, act like school girls when the sea artillery was in noisy operation. The officer was at his wits' ends, but finally hit upon a plan. He had a camera "trained" upon his gallant cadets without their knowing it, and then he ordered broadside after broadside to be fired. The noise was thunderous, and the actions of the cadets were, as usual, most undignified and unwarlike. A few days later some excellent photographs of the "young-men-afraid-of-a-noise" were hung in prominent positions, to be a perpetual reproach to those who plugged their ears. The next time the cannon roared the cadets stood like statues carved from stone, petrified with their fear of the "deadly camera" and its brutal frankness.

◆

The Danger of Hypnotism.

It is told of Van Amburgh, the great lion tamer, that on one occasion, while in a barroom, he was asked how he gained his wonderful power over animals. He said:

"It is by showing them that I'm not in the least afraid of them, and by keeping my eye on theirs. I'll give you an example of the power of my eye." Pointing to a loutish fellow who was sitting near by, he said:

"You see that fellow? He's a regular clown. I'll make him come across the room to me, and I won't say a word to him." Sitting down, he fixed his keen, steady eye on the man. Presently the fellow straightened himself up, rose from his seat, and came slowly toward the lion tamer. When he was close enough, he drew back his arm and struck Van Amburgh a tremendous blow under the chin, knocking him clean over the chair, with the remark: "You'll stare at me like that again, won't you?"

◆

A Distinction.

Mr. Skidmore (severely)—John, Mr. Jones tells me you thrashed his son shamefully today. Is that true?

John—No, sir.

Then what did Jones mean by telling me that?

He just made a mistake. I didn't thrash Jim Jones shamefully. I walloped him beautifully.

◆

A Sad Retribution.

A little southern girl, who is a remarkably well-behaved child, one day confided to her aunt that she thought the Jones children were "awful."

"You can't imagine how bad they are, auntie. They tell stories, and disobey their mother, and everything; and if they are so bad when they are little, I just expect they'll every one grow up to be Yankees."

◆

Took It First.

"Grandma, may I take that piece of chocolate you left on the table? I will be so good!"

"Yes, you may take it." (The little girl does not move). "Why don't you go and get it?"

"Oh, grandma, dear, I ate it first!"

BABY.

BY HANNAH FABINS.

Two bright eyes
  Looking into mine,
Two tiny arms round
  My neck to twine;
    That's baby.

One rosebud mouth
  For mother's lips to kiss,
One pug nose
  On a cunning little miss;
    That's baby.

Curly brown ringlets
  All over her head,
Denting the pillow
  Of her own trunble-bed;
    That's baby.

Two little feet
  Running up to me,
Bringing her treasures
  For mother dear to see;
    That's baby.

Two little hands
  Folded in prayer,
  Kneeling by mother
  Free from evepy care;
    That's baby.

◆

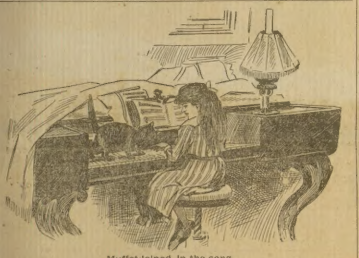
WHY MUFFET STAYED.

BY MARIGOLD.

There was great excitement at Twin Willow Farm, familiarly known as the "Paradise of Cats." A tramp had appeared on the premises—a feline tramp, lean and wild-eyed from days and weeks of starvation and ill-treatment. What a contrast the pitiful thing was to the seven sleek, full-grown cats who sat in a dignified row on the veranda, surveying the stranger in marked disapproval.

Close up to the kitchen door the six kittens huddled together, in a heap of mixed fur; and the faces of four of the Johnny-jump-ups were pressed against the window pane eagerly watching the scene.

"It is so cold," said Bertha, pityingly, "and the kitty is so thin and her fur is so ragged. Open the door, mamma, please, and let her come in by the fire."



Muffet joined in the song.

"What do you think?" asked mamma, turning to Aunt Della, who, with Baby Dean, was spending the day at the farm. "If we let her in, she will want to stay, of course, the poor little creature!"

"I should think you would be delighted," answered Baby Dean's mamma. "You know you have only thirteen cats—a most unlucky number. You seem fated to have thirteen most of the time. Now this stray one will make the number even."

"Yes," said the Johnny-jump-ups' mamma, "I have always considered it good luck to have a cat come to you; but last year we took in a half-starved, broken-legged pussy, and after we had done everything in the world for her, and made a respectable looking cat of her, she took possession of the whole place, and drove many of our own cats away. She was the most ungrateful, cantankerous, ill-tempered specimen of cathood I ever saw. This one may turn out the same."

The Johnny-jump-ups became very sober at this. Their sympathies were enlisted in favor of the forlorn wanderer, and they looked imploringly at Aunt Elsie: but she was holding Tiddlekins, the 10-months'-old baby, and making up nonsensical jingles for his benefit. All she said was this:

"There was a boy named Tiddlekins,
  And he was very sweet,
But when he went to dinner,
  He put his foot in the meat."

At which Tiddlekins laughed, as if it were all an excellent joke.

"Well," said mamma, finally, "the children and the cats will have to decide this matter. Open the door, Judy, and let them in. Aunt Elsie can stop playing with the baby long enough to translate what they all say, since she has made a study of the language."

So Judy opened the door, and the cats came solemnly in—all except "the tramp." Judy had to carry her. And, if you will believe it, Nightingale, the pretty yellow and gray cat, was highly enraged at the proceeding. She put a protecting paw around her wee, roly-poly kitten.

"If this common-place cat remains on Twin Willow Farm," she said impressively, "I shall leave. It will be my painful duty to take my kitten and go to Omaha to my eldest daughter, Spottsylvania, who resides in a palatial mansion on one of the stylish avenues."

Gilt Edge winked her topaz eye at Jim-Jams, one of her cousins; then she wiggled from her mother's paws, and whirled around and around in a futile attempt to catch her own stumpy yellow tail. She was as white as a snowball, except for her tail, and that was the reason she was christened Gilt Edge.

Duchess agreed with Nightingale and so did Don Moustachio Whiskerando.

"We are the descendants of a long line of blue-blooded ancestors," he observed loftily. "We cannot be too exclusive."

He meant that his great, great, great-grandmother was a Maltese. He had an idea that all the Twin Willow cats were superior to the rest of catdom in this respect.

"In our ancestral halls up on Burdette street," he was wont to tell the frolicsome kittens when in a reminiscent frame of mind, "lonely rats and sad-eyed mice wearily watch and wait for our return."

His ancestral halls comprised a couple of ancient dry goods boxes, filled with broken bottles and tin cans. But the kittens did not want to know this, and they used to listen eagerly to all these tales of former grandeur. Poor old Don! he was very like many other people in this world of ours.

He regarded the strange cat with unveiled contempt.

"Why," he said sneeringly, "his name is Muffet! Only imagine associating with the owner of such a common, vulgar name!"

Mouserinkum and Yellow Jacket nearly fainted at the bare suggestion; Burkehart withdrew from the circle in disgust; but Friskarina's golden eyes grew bright with indignation as she said hastily:

"I am grieved to belong to such an uncharitable family. Have not many of our own kindred left the farm and become wanderers like Muffet? And who knows if they have met with kindness in their travels, or been treated as you have treated this stranger within our—our claws? For my part I believe in a Common Brotherhood of Cats, without respect to race, caste, pedigree or color."

Aunt Elsie was so astonished at this speech that she set little Tiddlekins down on the floor, and catching up Friskarina, gave her a squeeze of approval.

The cats were mute with utter amazement; and nobody knows what might have happened next if Gilt Edge had not created a diversion by stumbling headfirst into a pail of fresh buttermilk. Before her mother could stir a paw toward the rescue of her baby, Muffet, the desolate tramp pussy, made one bound to the scene of disaster and seizing Gilt Edge by her yellow tail, landed her in safety on the kitchen floor.

"Miau-au-wow!" wailed Gjlt Edge, dismally, as the bttuermilk dripped from her little shivering body in rivulets.

Tiddlekin's mamma picked up the unfortunate catkin, and soon rubbed her dry and warm with a piece of scarlet flannel.

The Twin Willow cats stared at Muffet, who said never a word, but returned the stare with interest. Then Nightingale wiped a tear from her left eye with one dainty paw, and extended the other to Muffet.

"You have preserved my precious baby from a milky grave," she said, melodramatically. "My heart and home are yours from this day."

This was a signal for the other cats to crowd around poor Muffet, and nearly dislocate her paw with their friendly shakings.

"I was a noble deed," exclaimed Don Moustachio Whiskerando, "and convinces me that you must be a noble exile, like myself. I welcome you with open paws to Twin Willow Farm."

And all the thirteen cats, large and small, purred so loudly and rapturously that any one might have heard them a block away.

"The cats have decided the matter," said mamma, smiling. "Now what do the children say?"

All the Johnny-jump-ups cried out in chorus:

"Hurrah for Muffet! Muffet is our cat now!"

So Muffet stayed, and that night, after she had been well fed, she sat on the soft hearth rug in the parlor, and purred a beautiful song to Gilt Edge, Tiddlekins and Baby Dean. The three babies understood it every word, but Aunt Elsie had to translate it for the Johnny-jump-ups. This is the way it ran:

"I had babies, one, two, three,
  Long ago—long ago!
In a barn they lived with me,
  Black and gray, and white as snow,
Oft I see them in my dreams,
Playing where the sunlight gleams,
And I awake—so real it seems—
  Purring low—purring low.

"But my kittens, one, two, three,
  All are dead—all are dead!
They will not come back to me,
  For those happy days are fled.
I am but a poor old tramp,
Cuffed and beaten as a scamp,
With no place, when nights are damp,
  For my head—for my head.

"Little babies, one, two, three,
  Let me stay—let me stay!
I will watch you lovingly
  At your happy-hearted play,
Dreaming, in the firelight clear,
That you are my kittens dear,
If I need not go from here,
  Far away—far away!"

Dean and Tiddlekins crowed and kicked with little gurgles of delighted laughter at Muffet's song. As for Gilt Edge, she shook her sunny tail and rolled over and over on the rug, to show her appreciation. So Muffet was adopted by the three babies and made much of. She sings them many, many beautiful songs whenever Baby Dean comes over to the farm for a visit; and poor old Don Moustachio Whiskerando feels quite neglected because no one will listen to him any more when he sings. But his voice is not what it used to be in his youth; he has eaten so many mice that it is far from clear.

This is how it happened that Muffet stayed, making fourteen cats at Twin Willow Farm. And the Johnny-jump-ups all say she is the very best cat on the place.

◆

A small man in a great place and a great man in a small place are equally uncomfortable.

◆

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle

◆

If everybody lived up to his good resolutions, what would the overworked minister have left to do?

◆

Catarrh Cured Free.

We will send you a trial treatment of our catarrh cure, FREE. Enclose two-cent stamp to pay postage. Address Russian Catarrh Cure Co., 19 West Lake Street, Chicago.

◆

For the first few weeks after a young man and a young woman have been married, they think that love is all, but later on they don't despise even such things as fried liver and boiled ham.

◆

THE EARLIER symptoms of dyspepsia such as distress after eating, heartburn, and occasional headaches, should not be neglected. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

◆

Contentment is better than riches, but riches are a great help toward contentment, unless appearances mislead.

◆

Pretty Good Guess.

The New Orleans Picayune says that a teacher, in explaining to her pupils the difference between civilized and uncivilized races, insisted upon three things as requisite for civilization—food, clothing and shelter.

The next day she brought the subject up again, by way of review.

"What are the three things necessary to a civilized man?" she asked.

Several of the children remembered food and clothing, but the third requisite seemed to have escaped their recollection entirely. Finally, after the question had been repeated two or three times, one little fellow lifted his hand, and said:

"A wife."

Whether the teacher sent him to the head of the class, we are not informed.

◆

No Reason for Uneasiness.

Mrs. Robinson Hill, of Austin, Texas, on entering the dining-room one warm day saw something that shocked her, and to the colored lady, Matilda Snowball, whom she employs, she said:

"Matilda, is that a handkerchief you have put over the butter?"

"Yes, mum, I put it dar to keep de flies off. Don't be skeart, hit's my own hankercher."

◆

A Long Vacation.

"My Danny is a great whistler," said Mrs. Grogan.

"He is thot," assented Mrs. Hogan.

"Fot d'ye think? The mon thot he has been workin' for has give him a two-years' vacation to go to whustlin' school. But there is somethin' wrong about it sure, for divil a cint has he put up for the expinses."

◆

Plenty of Attention.

Little boy—That watch you gave me doesn't keep good time.

Father—Perhaps you forget to wind it.

Little boy—Forget to wind it? W'y I wind it forty times a day.

An Unexpected Trip.

Two Delaware boys have just returned from an involuntary voyage to Europe. They went out fishing in the Delaware river, and, a fog coming up suddenly, could not find their way to shore. After drifting for two hours a storm came up and the boat was driven before it all night. When morning came and the storm ended the boys were out of sight of land, and with no idea where they were. So they prudently made no effort to go anywhere, and finally were rewarded by the sight of a steamer. As it came closer they hoisted signals of distress, and were picked up by a vessel bound from Philadelphia to Hamburg. The boys were carried to Hamburg because the steamship only sighted other vessels at a distance. Of course the boys worked their passage, and did so well that when they returned to Philadelphia on the same steamer the captain paid them a small sum for their services.—Golden Days.

◆

Managing Hens.

Tommy Suburb—I wonder why these new Queen Anne houses has front and back porches just alike?

Bobby Broadmeadow—I guess that's to fool the chickens, an' make 'em think they're on the front lawn when they're in the back yard.

◆

A Queer Branch.

Uncle George—How do you like arithmetic?"

Little Dick—Pretty well, so far; but the teacher says that next week we are to begin learning how to extract roots. Guess he must think we're all going to be dentists."

◆

Satiated.

First boy—Did yeh have plenty of nice things to eat at that party?

Second boy—Did we? We had such loads of everything that w'en Mrs. Goodsoul gave me some iced cake to take to my mother, I didn't even lick it going home.—Good News.

◆

But Without Reason.

When the pelting rain falls and freezes
  It the bitter winter time,
It brings no joy to the poet's heart,
  Although it is smoothest rime.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

SIDE LINE FOR Traveling Men

$2.00 PER TOWN FOR Traveling Men —TO— Appoint Agents

No samples to carry and no sales to make. The work can be done in a few minutes while waiting for trains. No expenses attached to it—clear cash profit. Many traveling men now handling it, all without taking any time from their regular business. Write today for particulars, giving permanent address. J. F. ROWINS, 115 Fifth Av, Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CONSUMPTION

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.
T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

NO MONEY

Is required in advance to secure a Full Treatment of AQUAMIEL "THE MIRACLE OF NATURE" Magical Bust Developer and the greatest flesh producing, form perfecting remedy the world ever knew. This unusual offer means exactly what the words imply—simply an honest and mutually fair business proposition. No C. O. D. fraud, no deception. It means that AQUAMIEL never fails to round out thin people into graceful proportions and develop the bust to a degree of fullness that cannot fail to satisfy the most ambitious in this regard, and that we will be glad to place you in possession of a Full Course Treatment of it without requiring you to pay a penny in advance. AFTER you have received it (not before) and after you have experienced for yourself its actual qualities, you can then pay for it on favorable and easy terms. Particulars by sealed mail.
The Mexican Remedy Co.,
109 ½ High St., Columbus, O.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger

CLIMBING IN THE SKY.

The sun is climbing in the sky,
We're glad to know;
Days will be longer by and by,
And brighter grow.

The sun is climbing in the sky,
The snow will go;
Days will be warmer by and by,
And flowers will grow.

SHE SCARED THE INDIANS.

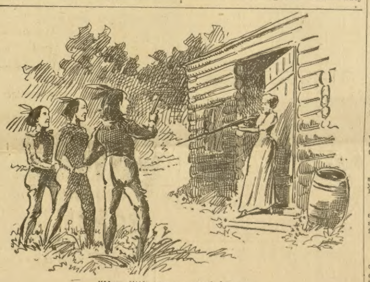
Eighty years ago a young doctor and his wife moved into the wilderness of Chautauqua county, New York. He was Dr. Laban Hazeltine, and his wife was a Connecticut girl, Content Flagler, who had received her education at the famous school of Dr. Lyman Beecher, in Litchfield. The equipage consisted of three heavily loaded wagons—one of then contained 1,200 pounds of medicine!—and three riding horses, and the doctor and his wife were accompanied by William Bemus and another man, who is spoken of as Lehigh. The story of their adventures is told in "The Early History of the Town of Elliott."

In the neighborhood of Buffalo the Indians were then very troublesome, and it was the exception when a company of settlers got through without losing a part of their goods. Bemus had made up his mind that the redskins should be circumvented this time, if foresight and courage could compass it.

The doctor, meantime, had come down with the fever, and was having daily shakes. One afternoon, when the party was about going into camp, Bemus said to Mrs. Hazeltine:

"Content, if we are going to get the doctor through, he mustn't be disturbed tonight. But this is the worst place on the road. If we are not careful, the Indians will steal all they can lay their hands on. Somebody must stand guard, and I think you had better do it."

It was a strange-sounding speech, but Mrs. Hazeltine knew that Bemus must have some good reason for his course, and she was too brave a woman—although she never weighed 100 pounds—to complain, or to insist upon explanations.



"Very little squaw; much big gun.

"Here is a musket," Bemus continued. "It isn't loaded, but it has a good bayonet. If you see any Indians around, take it up and carry it, and if they come too near, don't be afraid to prod them with the sharp end."

Mrs. Hazeltine was silent for a minute or two. Then she said:

"I wish you would put in a small charge, Uncle William. The Indians might snatch the gun away from me before I could use the bayonet, but I believe I could shoot one of the scamps, rather than have the wagons pillaged."

"All right," Bemus answered, "though I'm afraid you may harm yourself;" and he handed the gun to Lehigh to be loaded.

"Now," he added, "I'm going to make believe I'm asleep, but you may depend upon it I shall be wide-awake. Don't be afraid."

The evening was not far advanced before three or four marauders showed themselves. Mrs. Hazeltine ordered them off, and threatened to fire if they did not go. And they went, while one of them was heard muttering:

"Very little squaw, but much gun. Indian go away. Just like little squaw to shoot some. Might get hurt a good deal."

The next day Bemus remarked:

"It worked just as I expected. I knew the varmints would be more afraid of a woman with a gun than of a man. But I took care that Lehigh put powder into the pan, but not into the barrel."

PUSSY'S STOCKING.

BY F. P. CHAPLIN.

Jackanapes, our pussy, does not like music. When Maisie begins to practice on the piano, she jumps up and walks on the keys. Then Maisie, to tease her, bangs on the piano, and Jackanapes mi-a-ows.

One hot summer day pussy had a fight with Ruff. Ruff lived across the street.

The dog bit one of her legs, and Aunt Ellen tied a rag round it; kittie went off limping.

After dinner Aunt Ellen took her work to the piazza; Maisie was close by her in a hammock.

Aunt Ellen's sewing basket was on a chair, and in her hand one of Joe's red stockings.

She was mending it with red yarn. She had a long, fine darning-needle, and was filling a big hole in the heel. Maisie was trying to mate her other stockings.

Just then they heard a very queer noise; it sounded like f-i-z-z, with the z-z's very long.

"Look," said Aunt Ellen, "it's Jackanapes, with something in her mouth. She's trying to tell us a story. That big fly between her teeth is called a darning-needle; see the long red body and pretty gauze wings! Puss wants to show it. She has come to sit with us. See how proud she looks!"

"Oh, yes!" said Maisie, her eyes big and bright with fun; "and she has brought her own darning-needle to mend her fur stocking that naughty Ruff made a hole in this morning.

Just then they heard a choking sound, and lo! puss had swallowed the big fly, gauze wings, darning-needle and all at one gulp. Then she straightened herself, and stood by the chair on her hind legs.

"She's all right now," said Maisie. "Her stocking's mended on the inside. You see she couldn't turn it inside out as you did mine."—Our Little Ones.

Fads of Great Men.

Rubens was so fond of lettuce that he at one time thought of building a greenhouse, to enable him to have this esculent all the year round.

The Duke of Wellington was a good feeder. When in Spain, he often grumbled at the "beastly victuals" furnished for the use of himself and staff.

Thomas Fuller did gallant trencher duty at the tables of his wealthy parishioners. He once said he could eat anything that anybody else could.

Francis Bacon was plain in his eating tastes. Splendid banquets were provided for his guests, while he himself ate of one or two simple dishes.

Raphael lived principally on dried fruits, such as figs and raisins, eating them with bread. He had a theory that a meat diet was not good for a painter.

Kant, the German philosopher, was content with the simplest food in small quantities. A bit of fish or an egg, with a piece of rye bread, made his meal.

Cruden, the compiler of the Bible concordance, delighted in roast beef. "If you can get it cold, sir, with plenty of mustard, it is fit for the gods."

Not on an Alley Heap.

Black, the beloved dog of an American lady and gentleman living at Vaucresson, outside Paris, during the summer, having died, has been buried with the full funeral honors usually accorded to human beings. The canine pet was placed in two caskets—one of oak, the other leaden—was then conveyed in a hearse with flowers to Vaucresson, and there buried. The funeral was followed by the Americans and their friends, all the mourners being in carriages. A monument which cost $300 was erected to the memery of the lost favorite. The expenses of the caskets, the funeral, the tomb and the memorial amounted to about £100.

The undertaker who carried out the order was rather puzzled at first, and mentioned the matter to a police commissary, who advised him to get the death certificate of the dog signed by two witnesses. This counsel was followed by the Pompes Funebres official, who was thus able to fulfill his contract without fear of interference on the part of the representatives of the law.

Not Toy-like.

Wheelman (sententiously)—The bicycle is no longer a toy."

Ordinary Citizen (earnestly)—No, siree; it isn't. I've been run into by one myself."

MUST WORK TO KEEP UP.

Few Physicians Try to Cover the Wide Field of Science.

TENDENCY OF THE TIME.

One All-Important Branch of Medicine Strangely Neglected Until Independent Discovery Made Great Strides—Millions Have Been Rescued.

"My physician goes hand in hand with my pastor."

This remark was made by the late J. G. Holland, himself a doctor, and it was true. The work done by the medical profession of America is vast and valuable. So vast indeed that few physicians are able to cover the entire field of practice, but select special departments in which to become proficient. It is perhaps strange that so few doctors have made a specialty of studying or treating the most important organs of the body, which are the kidneys, but such nevertheless is a fact. It is probably because those organs are so wonderfully delicate and uncertain, have so few recognizable symptoms when they are deranged, and, in fact, assume the symptoms that are also the cause of most other diseases. It was left to independent discovery to produce a remedy especially adapted for the kidneys, liver and other organs, and so efficient has this discovery been during the past twenty years that it is unhesitatingly acknowledged by the medical profession and scientists generally, as a sovereign remedy for these troubles. It is needless to say that it is Warner's Safe Cure.

While millions of people have been rescued from sickness and are kept in health by the use of this great remedy, comparatively few realize how great is its purity and power. It soothes all inflammation, fevers, irregularity or similar troubles of these and adjacent organs and leads the sufferer back to health and away from misery. If you, therefore, are a sufferer from any of these troubles, while you may have your regular physician, it is not necessary that you should call upon him, for you have a means of restoring your health within easy reach. Every intelligent man or woman who stops to reflect realizes this, and in time of trouble should act upon it.

An accompanist at a concert should always play softly, excepting, of course, in the case where it is merciful to drown out the soloist.

Are You Hard of Hearing or Deaf? Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, Room 18, Hammond Bldg., Fourth and Vine, Cincinnati, O.

People who think that a minister has an easy time to earn his salary forget the amount of criticism that he has to endure from the members of his congregation.

A New Cure for Asthma.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Sometimes an office-holding politician is fired by ambition, and sometimes he is fired by his superior officer after the opposing party has won a victory.

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address, Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 17 1-2 W. 3rd St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Life to lovely woman would be a horrid blank without hair-pins, and yet no woman would look grateful if a man should give her a box of them for a birthday present.

A Secret Society for Boys.

The C. M. A. is a secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has regular signs, grips, passwords, signals, signs of distress, signs of warning, etc. Every member wears a badge of the order. It costs nothing to join, does not interfere with religion or politics. Great fun for the boys. Send your name and the names of two or three other boys you think will join and I will send you full instructions free. Enclose stamp. Address, at once,

W. W. BEST, Oak Park, Ill.

Their Own Nutcrackers.

Perhaps you will like to hear of a curious little bird. Go out into the woods in January or February any time and you may see him. He is about six inches long. He wears a black cap, a grayish blue coat and a dirty white shirt front. He runs up and down the tree trunks, searching diligently for little insects who think they have hidden themselves safely away in some little crack in the bark.

He is a quiet little fellow, having no song. The only noise he makes is a harsh call, which sounds like the word "quank!" This bird is called the nuthatch, because he is fond of nuts, cracking them open and eating the kernels. You may see one of them take an acorn as big as his head, and fixing it in some crevice in the tree, pound away upon it with his little bill until it breaks open and rewards the little worker with a meal.

These birds are also expert gymnasts. They will run up a tree, going swiftly round and round it all the way up. Then quickly turning about they will come down the trunk head first in the same fashion, stopping now and then to snap up some little bug or worm which has ventured out to see what the weather is.

Country boys sometimes speak of these birds as "little devil down heads." But this is longer and not so pretty as the nuthatch.

Five-Minute Athletics.

Five-minute exercise is better than absolutely nothing, and hence I am going to make a suggestion or two regarding it. If you know any one who can tell you the "setting-up" drill practiced in the navy get him to show it to you, and than go through a part or the whole of that each night and morning. If you cannot find out what this is make up a few simple movements for yourself, for example: 1. Standing erect, with knees and heels together, move the body forward and gradually try to touch your fingers to the ground in front without bending either knee. This, says Harper's Young People, is a familiar exercise to all of you, but it is a good one, nevertheless. This will do for the back and front leg muscles. Bend forward twenty times, and then take up the second excercise. 2. Standing with the legs apart, swing from side to side, bending either knee in turn, and touching the floor first on the right then on the left side, being careful, however, to sway only sideways and not forward and back. Do this twenty times and your sides will ache. 3. Grasp one wrist with the other hand, holding both across your chest. Then without letting the elbows go too far out from the body, pull with all your strength a steady long pull, as if trying to pull your hands apart. Maintain this pull for a second or two. Then change abruptly, and holding arms and hands in the same position, push with all your strength for the same time. Again reverse and pull, and so on forty times—if you can do it so long—and you will soon see how all the arm and chest muscles begin to ache. Finally, 4. Lie flat on the floor on your stomach, and keeping your body rigid, push yourself up with the arms as far as possible. Of course nothing must touch the floor but the palms of your hands and toes. Do this twenty times.

FOR BABY'S SKIN

Scalp and Hair

USE

Cuticura SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery. For distressing facial eruptions, pimples, blackheads, irritations of the scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, red, rough hands, chafings, and simple rashes and blemishes of youth and childhood, it is absolutely incomparable.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all continental cities. British depot: NEWBERY, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

SIDE LINE FOR Traveling Men

$2.00 PER TOWN FOR Traveling Men —TO— Appoint Agents

No samples to carry and no sales to make. The work can be done in a few minutes while waiting for trains. No expenses attached to it—clear cash profit. Many traveling men now handling it, all without taking any time from their regular business. Write today for particulars, giving permanent address. J. F. BOWINS, 116 Fifth Av, Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!!

We want 100 more active agents before July 1st. We will guarantee $20 to $30 per day can be easily made in any locality; our goods sell themselves; we furnish a large roll of samples entirely FREE and allow 50 per cent. commission on all sales. Send to-day for full particulars, or we will send with same a Valuable sample of our goods in Solid Silver upon receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps. Established in 1852. Address, STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston, Mass.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Ladies' or Gents' Size

A GIFT AT THE PRICE!

Having recently purchased the entire stock of watches from a bankrupt firm, consisting of solid gold, silver and gold-filled cases, we shall offer a portion of the entire lot at prices never before heard of in the Watch trade. Among the stock are 5,730 AMERICAN STYLE WATCHES, IN 14k. SOLID GOLD-FILLED CASES, which we shall sell singly or by the dozen to private parties or the trade, at the unheard-of LOW PRICE of $3.98 EACH. Each and every watch is guaranteed a perfect timekeeper, and each watch is accompanied with our written guarantee for 20 years. Think of it! A genuine, American Style Movement watch, in solid, gold-filled cases, and guaranteed for 20 YEARS, for $3.98. Those wanting a first-class, reliable time-keeper, at about one-third retail price, should order at once. Watch speculators can make money by buying by the dozen to sell. Solid Gold Watches at $3.98. These watches must be sold, and as an inducement for you to order quickly, we will send to each of the first one hundred, ordering from this advertisement, A SOLID, 14k. GOLD WATCH worth $50, provided $3.98 is sent with the order. Elegant SOLID ROLLED GOLD CHAIN, of the latest pattern, free to those who send full amount with order. Be one of the first and get a Solid Gold Watch for $3.98. All are elegantly finished, and guaranteed perfectly satisfactory in every respect. Cut this out and send to us and we will send a watch to you C. O. D., subject to examination, by express. If found perfectly satisfactory, and exactly as represented, pay $3.98 and it is yours, otherwise you do not pay one cent. Can we make you a fairer offer? Be sure to mention whether you want ladies' or gents' watch. Price per doz. $45.00. SAFE WATCH CO., 9 Murray St., New York.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES Quick sellers, catalogue free. Cline Mfg. Co., 81 West Wash. st., Chicago
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WRITERS WANTED to do copying at home. LAW COLLEGE, Lima, O.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BIG profits to agents selling our ACME CAKE BEATERS. Quick sales. BUTLER MFG. CO., G 48 Clinton St. Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$5.00 Per 1000 for distributing circulars; enclose 4c. N. Y. Advertising Ass'n, N. Y. City.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$125.00 PER MO. SALARY AND EXPENSES, TRAVELING WITH GOODS. ADDRESS WITH STAMP MICHIGAN MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MEN and BOYS wanted, to distribute circulars, samples of tobacco, medicines, newspapers, etc. $1 to $3 a day, no canvassing. Send 2c stamp. CIRCULAR ADV. CO. Kans. City, Mo.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CASH PAID for your neighbors addresses, also newspaper clippings (all kinds) $20 per 1000. Particulars for stamp. Advertisers' Clipping Bureau, 100 W. 27th St. NEW YORK.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$4.50 Per 1000 CASH for distributing circulars. Enclose 4cts. U.S. Distributing Bureau, Chicago
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$5 per 1000 Circulars to distribute. Can send 5000 every month. Send 5 references & 10c. stamp. Ford Mfg. Co., Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

My ELECTRIC BELT sent on TRIAL **FREE**
DR. JUDD, Detroit, Mich. Want agts.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WILL YOU distribute Circulars and samples for us? No canvassing. Salary and expenses to travel. Send stamp. ADVERTISERS BUREAU, 447 6th Ave. NEW YORK CITY.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MARRY 1,000 want correspondents, many rich. Lists and photos FREE. Box 67, Fairpoint, Minnesota.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN FREE with nine illustrated family story papers, six mos. all for 10c. stamps. Tramps Pub. Co., Kansas City, Mo.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Cured at Home. Trial Free. No Pain. Comp'd Oxygen Ass'n. Ft. Wayne, Ind.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SALESMEN Wanted to sell cigars; $75.00 per month and expenses; sample outfit free. Address with 2-ct. stamp. Sterling Cigar Co., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

LADIES wanted to write at home. $20 weekly. No canvassing. Reply with stamp. Mrs. H. C. Rupe, South Bend, Ind.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BOYS & GIRLS ARE MADE HAPPY by sending their name and address on a postal card to BOURMAN & PARKER, 173 5th AVE., Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SALESMEN Wanted to sell cigars to dealers. Salary and expenses. Experience not necessary. Reply with two-cent stamp. FIGARO CIGAR CO., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

YOU can to play Mouth-organ, Banjo, Accordeon or Guitar in 10 minutes. Chart free. Agents wanted. Music Novelty Co., Dep. B. Detroit, Mich
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GIRL WANTED and 150 other new Songs, all for 10 Cents, post-paid HENRY J. WEHMAN, 139 Park Row, New York.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GET MARRIED List of ladies, with photos and residences, many very pretty and rich, who want to marry, mailed free. Walter McDonnell, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

RODS and DIP NEEDLES for prospectors. Miners and Treasure seekers. Cir. 2c, F. & B. AGENCY. BACHMANVILLE, PA.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CARDS Send 2c. stamp for sample Book of all the FINEST and LATEST Styles in Beveled Edge, Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling CARDS FOR 1895. WE SELL GENUINE CARDS, NOT TRASH. UNION CARD CO., Columbus, Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MARRIAGE paper containing hundreds of "personal" ads; lists of rare books, novelties, rubber goods, etc.; mailed free. GUNNEL'S MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$150 FOR $5. Genuine Confederate States Greenbacks. No common bluebacks. Terms, 4 cts. A. L. Naples, Mulberry, Kan
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MARK YOUR HAT. Send 20c. and receive, post paid, an ALUMINUM HAT MARK with your name neatly engraved on same. STANDARD JEWELRY CO. Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED in 6 days, where all other remedies failed. Albers & Harris, Knoxville, Tenn.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

692 New Sample styles of Envelope, Silk Fringe CARDS &c., 20 New Songs, 100 Rich and Racy jokes, 1 pack Escort Cards, 1 pack Fun Cards, 1 pack Acquaintance Cards and Standard Beau Catcher. ALL for 2cts. CROWN CARD CO., CADIZ, OHIO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

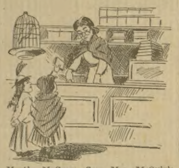
WATCHES AND JEWELRY at wholesale prices. Illustrated catalogue free to any address. Bazzet & Usher, No. 184 East Madison street, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

At ¼ Price Watches, Guns, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, Organs, Bicycles, Farm Tools, Safes, etc. List FREE. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

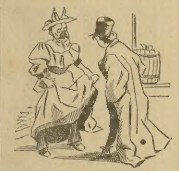
PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days, and never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address, C. J. MASON, Box, 519, New York City, N. Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WE WILL SELL YOU THE BEST **BUGGY** Cart, Harness, Phaeton, Spring Wagon, Surrey or Saddle in the world at lowest wholesale prices. Shipped anywhere to anyone with privilege to examine without asking one cent in advance. All goods fully guaranteed. Send for large illustrated catalogue and testimonials Free. Write to-day address (in full) CASH BUYERS' UNION. 158 West Van Buren Street, B 23, Chicago, Ills.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

UP-TO-DATE YOUNGSTERS.



Myrtle McGraw—Say, Mrs. McQuirk, we wants our money back or a new book. De beautiful maiden dies in de last chapter instead of gittink married and livink happy ever after.—New York World.



"Is dat you, Chimmy?"

"Yes."

"D'yer know yer ain't so bad lookin when yer made up!"—Life.

$4 A DAY to agent. New and wonderful typewriter for 50c. Sells to everyone. Catalogue free. Gem Typewriter Co., Dep. 3, Detroit, Mich
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

ASTHMA CURED DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send us your address, we will mail trial BOTTLE **FREE** THE DR. TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CARDS See our fine Sample Book of Hidden Name Silk fringe and Calling Cards for 1895 also the Standard Beau Catcher & Button Buster Cards with Agent's full outfit, ALL for a 2c. stamp. BUCKEYE CARD CO., LACEYVILLE, OHIO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger

BEST PAYING THING for Agents is our PHOTO FAMILY RECORDS, OTHER PICTURES, PORTRAITS & FRAMES. Address Dept. C. C. P. CORY & CO. 41 & 45 Jefferson St., Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

YOUR NAME ON 25 LOVELY CARDS, Pen & Holder, Handkerchief, Ring, Autograph Album, Sample CARDS, Scrap Pictures, Verses and Agents' Complete Outfit. All 10cts. IVY CARD CO., HAMDEN, CONN.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

LADIES I am an invalid but have obtained employment writing and other easy work at my home for which I receive good pay. Will send full particulars to any lady enclosing 2c. stamp. Mrs. T. L. Fowler, E. Pembroke, N. H.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

YOUR NAME Will be inserted in our agents list for 10c. It will bring you lots of mail and valuable free samples. Address, AGENTS DIRECTORY LIST. Lock Box 1058, Chicago, Illinois.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE catalogue of books and amusements, speakers, dialogues, fortune tellers, calisthenics, dream book, debates, letter writers, etiquette, etc., etc. Dick & Fitzgerald. 20 Ann Street, New York City.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by my Invisible Tubular Cushion. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, New York. Write for book of proofs **FREE**
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

PHOTOS Of America's Most Beautiful Women, size 6 by 7 in.; handsomely bound in an album. Sent postpaid for 10c in silver. Art Specialty Company, Box 135, Cleveland, Ohio
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

PIMPLES Removed in from 1 to 3 days. Black Heads in from 4 to 6 days. Skin left soft, clear and healthy. Send 10c (silver) for powder. C. H. McIntyre, Dep'tm't B. Box 135, Cleveland, Ohio
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

TELEPHONES FOR EVERY USE. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE. UNITED ELECTRIC TELEPHONE CO., Chicago
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger

LADIES Mail 2-cent stamp for sealed instructions how to enlarge your bust 5 inches by using "EMMA" BUST DEVELOPER. Guaranteed. 24-page illustrated catalogue for 6 cts. Address Emma Toilet Bazar, 230 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CORRESPOND With the opposite sex for amusement, improvement, pastime or matrimony. Our club is the oldest and we have the largest list of ladies and gentlemen wishing correspondents. Address with 2 cent stamp, CHICAGO CORRESPONDENTS CLUB, Lock Box 1053, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

HOME STUDY. Success in Business Life is within the reach of all who take a thorough Business College course at Home, by Mail. It will pay to investigate. Cat. free. Trial lesson 10c. BRYANT & STRATTON, 16 College Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$3 PAID Per 1,000 for distributing circulars. MALENA COMPANY, Warriorsmark, Pa
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WANTED AGENTS to sell Sash Locks & Door Holders. Sample Sash Lock free by mail for 2c. stamp. Best sellers ever invented. Beats weights. $12 a day. Write quick. BROHARD & CO., Box 2, Philadelphia.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FITS EPILEPSY, ETC., permanently cured. Treatise, testimonials and Remedy for trial sent FREE to any sufferer. Established 24 years. Address Dr. Ross, Richmond, Indiana.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$80 PER MONTH for Live Agents. New Specialties. Instructions and Samples free. Write us if you want work. Peoples Mfg. Co., 7 Valpey Bldg, Detroit, Mich.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS! The greatest inducement in fine goods and free samples, are offered by Clauss Shear Company, Kansas City, Mo. WRITE FOR INFORMATION.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$525 Agent's profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New articles just out. A $1.50 sample and terms free. Try us. Chidester & Son, 28 Bond Street, N. Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

RUBBER GOODS BY MAIL For Men, Women and Children. Catalogue free. Quick Sales, Big Profits to Agents. A. T. Botts & Co., 115 Water St., Toledo, O.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

UNIFORMS For BANDS, MILITARY CO'S, SCHOOLS, BOYS BRIGADES, SOCIETIES, CADETS, FIREMEN, ETC. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue. WESTERN UNIFORM COMPANY, 217 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED. Old Gypsy Madge's Fortune Teller and Key to Lucky Dreams. Hindoo Secrets of Love. 100 page book only 25c. Address HOUSE SPECIALTY CO., P.O. Box 1212 New York
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

TAPE-WORM Expelled ALIVE in 60 minutes with head, or no charge. Send 2c. stamp for Pamphlet. Dr. M. Ney Smith, Specialist, 1011 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

LADIES without previous business experience are making immense sales of Mme. McCABE'S CORSETS AND WAISTS. Send for agents' terms. St. Louis Corset Co., St. Louis, Mo.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$3 A DAY SURE Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write today. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX 46 DETROIT, MICH.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

DIVORCES! North Dakota Laws grant divorces upon three months' residence. For full particulars, causes, rates, expenses, etc., address Proprietor Sheridan House, BISMARCK, N. D
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

If tired, aching, nervous mothers knew the comfort, strength, and vitality in Cuticura Anti-Pain Plasters, they would never be without them. In every way the sweetest and best made.

J. E. POORMAN MANUFACTURER, W. 5th Street Cincinnati, Ohio **BICYCLES** Sporting, Athletic and Base Ball Goods. Will Save You Big Money. CATALOGUE FREE
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

DRUNKENNESS is a DISEASE. It can be Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given without the knowledge of the patient, if desired, in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for circulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. The Only Cure. Beware of Imitators.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE WARRANTED 10 YEARS FREE **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING** THIS HIGH-GRADE $60.00 MACHINE ABSOLUTELY FREE. No Misrepresentation. No Scheme. We mean just what we say. This machine is yours free. No such opportunity has ever before been offered. We shall continue these liberal terms for only a short time. Cut this out and write to-day. Sewing Machine Departm't T.633 OXFORD MFG. CO. 342 Wabash Ave., Chicago
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BICYCLES HIGHEST GRADE 1895 MODELS **CHEAP** FACTORY PRICES WINDSORS run faster, are built stronger, look handsomer, are better than any other make, and cost $25 to $50 less. Send stamp for catalogue. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS NOW. SIEG & WALPOLE M'F'G CO., CHICAGO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

10 CENTS BUYS A finely illustrated treatise on health. How to get, How to keep it. Address "Cosmopolitan Publishing Co." No. 21, Beach Block, Terre Haute, Ind
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

TOCSAMOGRAPHY Is the name of the new SECRET SIGN LANGUAGE. As soon as you learn you can write it on a postal card to your friend and no one but the writer and the one addressed can read it. This is the greatest thing out. Double set of instructions with key to this language complete to any address postpaid for 10 cents. Any one can learn. Easy when you know how. Address M. MARSHALL, Indiana, Pennsylvania.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger

BRASS BAND Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, mailed free; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands. LYON & HEALY, 25 Adams Street, Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WALL PAPER PAPER HANGERS Buy direct at wholesale. Act as our agent in your town or city. MAKE MONEY WITH NEW Designs Samples SAMPLE BOOKS NOW READY. PAPER HANGERS SEND FOR CIRCULARS HOUSEKEEPERS send 10c. for our 100 beautiful samples (which will be refunded on first purchase) with POINTERS ON PAPER HANGING. Perfection Wall Paper Co. 223 N. Clark St. CHICAGO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

DENARCO GUARANTEED TO CURE OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABIT For terms of guarantee apply at home office. H. W. COMSTOCK REMEDY CO., LAFAYETTE, IND. Sold by all Druggists or sent by Express.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BABY CARRIAGES Shipped C.O.D. Anywhere to anyone at Wholesale Prices without asking one cent in advance. We pay freight. Buy from factory. Save dealers' profits. Large illustrated catalogue free Address CASH BUYERS' UNION, 164 West Van Buren Street, B 23, Chicago, Ill.
$18.50 Carriage for $9.25.
$12.00 " " $5.95.
$5.00 " " $2.65.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

We have an original, legitimate, much-needed article which sells best during hard times, because it saves money and suffering; men and women without any experience whatever are now making from $15 to $60 per week without neglecting their home duties; no capital required; full particulars, free samples, and references in your own State and ours by mail. Address, Box P 1693, Boston. Only those seeking respectable, profitable, and permanent home employment need apply **HOME SALESMEN**
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

DON'T PAY A CENT UNTIL YOU SEE IT. Our latest imported stone puzzles diamond experts. You cannot detect from the genuine. To introduce this new stone we will send for 30 days this ring or stud by express C. O. D. for $1.65. You examine, if not equal in appearance to a $40 ring don't take it. If satisfactory pay the agent $1.65. Order quick. Send measure. Cash With Order Saves All Charges. Catalogue Free. NATIONAL JOBBING CO. 1721 Unity Building, Chicago, Illinois.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$25 to $50 per week, to Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, using or selling "Old Reliable Plater." Only practical way to replate rusty and worn knives, forks, spoons, etc.; quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing, or machinery. Thick plate at one operation; lasts 5 to 10 years; fine finish when taken from the plater. Every family has plating to do. Plater sells readily. Profits large. W. P. Harrison & Co. Columbus, O.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SIDE LINE FOR Traveling Men $2.00 PER TOWN FOR Traveling Men —TO— Appoint Agents No samples to carry and no sales to make. The work can be done in a few minutes while waiting for trains. No expenses attached to it—clear cash profit. Many traveling men now handling it, all without taking any time from their regular business. Write today for particulars, giving permanent address. J.F. ROWINS, 116 Fifth Av, Chicago
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SPECULATION! Whether you have ever speculated or not, you will find something of great interest to you in our new pamphlet. It tells HOW TO MAKE MONEY QUICKLY In Stocks, Bonds, etc., and is sent free upon request RICHARDSON & COMPANY, 10 WALL ST., NEW YORK.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

NEW CATALOGUE FOR 1895 Printed in colors. The finest and best Poultry Book ever published. Illustrates and describes all the leading varieties of Poultry. Gives prices of Poultry and Eggs, Plans for Poultry Houses and Remedies for Diseases. If you raise Poultry, you can not afford to be without it. Sent for 10c. in silver or stamps. Address, The J. W. MILLER CO., Box No. 125, FREEPORT, ILL.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE 13 YEARS A PHYSICAL WRECK from Catarrh, diseased head, throat & lungs. Hearing failed; compelled to abandon lecturing; condition serious; all available remedies failed. Under Home Medicating Co.'s treatment I improved from first application. Hearing returned, head and lungs restored. Prof. J. M. MYERS, 16 Ruth Ave., Walnut Hills, Cin., O. To prove conclusively that Catarrh, Deafness, Throat and Lung Troubles can be cured, we will send 4 Months' Treatment, Free. Home Medicating Co., Cin., O.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THIS FINE KING VIOLIN Equal in appearance to a $15.00 instrument, will be sent to any address in the United States on receipt of one dollar in postage stamps or cash. It is of German manufacture, brown varnish, shaded, inlaid edges, and good finish. It is fitted with first-class strings, and the price includes a good bow, pasteboard box, rosin, and packing in strong wooden box. Our special wholesale price is $2.50. If you are fully satisfied with the violin after receiving and trying it, you can pay the express agent the balance of the price and he will send it to us. You are to pay the express charges. This liberal offer will remain open for a limited time only. Send today, giving the name of your nearest express office. Address KING & CO., Department B, 113 Fifth Ave, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN Not only possess a clear and brilliant COMPLEXION but must also have a perfectly developed BUST. To attain and retain beauty's chief charm, a perfect BUST, you must consult a specialist. No matter how severe your case, write me, I will help you. CELNART My famous French Remedy is guaranteed to Develop the BUST from 3 to 5 inches, permanently remove Wrinkles, and fills out hollows in Face, Throat & Neck. ROYALE CREME will positively cure every case of Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads and any discoloration of the complexion. Price $1. per bottle. Sample prepaid, 25c. Pamphlet on "The Perfection of Face and Form." Sent FREE to all. Address, MADAME JOSEPHINE LE FEVRE, 1208 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE Stem Wind, Stem Set. $2.75 CENTS OR LADIES SIZE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any $25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, $2.75, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address THE NATIONAL M'F'G & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.